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London: CHARLES GILPIN.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1851.

REVIEWS

Scinde; or, the Unhappy Valley. By Lieut. R. F. Burton, Bombay Army. 2 vols. Bentley.

Sindh; and the Races that inhabit the Valley of the Indus. By Lieut. R. F. Burton. Allen. Lieut. Burton is already known to our readers [see ante, p. 423] as the writer of what may be called, for want of a better phrase, a "smart" book on Goa and the Blue Mountains. With many faults both of taste and of composition, it was impossible to withhold from his striking account of Goa and of the coasts of Western India high praise. The volume was full of evidences of ability and acute powers of observation on the part of its author. The first of the works now before us appears to be intended to accomplish for the province of Scinde the same service which Mr. Burton's former publication may be supposed to have rendered, to some extent, to the old Portuguese settlement and to the Indian Cheltenham which during the last thirty years has sprung up at Ootacamund. The book on Goa was evidently intended by its author to contain as much vivacity, pleasantness and slang—as many anecdotes and stories, and as much good sense and *bond fide* information—as would render it acceptable more or less in a variety of circles. The two volumes on Scinde which now make their appearance are written on the same plan; and on the whole we think that Mr. Burton has improved in his knack of "fast" writing. Some of his pages, however, are still at variance with the rules of good taste. The slang phrases are vulgar, without being witty, and the attempts at drollery are often failures. These are defects which every reader of the volumes will regret; for they impair very much the pleasure that arises from the perusal of a rapid, vigorous and amusing sketch of the scenery and people of a remote and interesting part of our Eastern empire.

Mr. Burton was, it appears, stationed for five years in Scinde with his regiment:—and it is due to him to say, that he has set a good example to his fellow-subalterns by pursuing so diligently his inquiries into the language, literature and customs of the native population by which he was surrounded. We are far from accepting all his doctrines on questions of Eastern policy, especially as regards the treatment of natives; but we are sensible of the value of the additional evidence which he has brought forward on many important questions. For a young man, he seems to have adopted some very extreme opinions: and it is perhaps not too much to say that the fault from which he has most to fear, not only as an author but as an Indian officer, is, a disregard of those well-established rules of moderation which no one can transgress with impunity.

One of Mr. Burton's first resting-places in Scinde was, of course, Kurrachee—the military capital of the province; and as it suits his fancy to address all his chapters to "Mr. Bull," a personage whom he treats in a very jocular and familiar manner—we have the following smart sketch of Kurrachee drawn up for Mr. Bull's information.—

"Your first night in Scinde, Mr. Bull—how did you like it? I had your couch placed in the verandah—screened, however, from the sea-breeze, which is said to be dangerous—because you never could have endured the 100° heat of an inner room, and I now come to awake you at four A.M., and take you to constitutionalise a little before the sun appears. The great secret of health in this part of the East is, I believe, in the daily habit of a long walk, not they center, in the cool of the morning. We can

now, if you please, perambulate the camp, and devote the evening and the morrow to a few excursions in the neighbourhood. * * Kurrachee is the headquarters of the local government, and the great station for European regiments. The cantonment stands on a slope, which rises towards the east into a little chain of rocky hills. The foundation is a hard, dry crust of sand, gravel, and silt, thinly spread over beds of stone and pebbles. As in all camps, there is a huge dirty bazaar, full of shopkeepers and servants, soldiers and sepoys, ladies of no virtue to speak of, naked children and yelping curs—a scene strictly in the Eastern low life style. There are large roomy barracks, oblong, single-storied buildings, dressed with mathematical precision to the front, and flanked by equally precise roads, two dozen different guards scattered in all directions, immense commissariat stores, a Protestant church, with very little outward show, a Roman Catholic chapel, built palpably for effect, two or three burial-grounds, a species of barn intended for the accommodation of the Drama, many mess-houses, an iceless receptacle for Wenham Lake ice, a library without books, a school-room in which Indo-British children receive the elements of education, and sundry private buildings where public duties are performed. The streets, or rather roads, are level, dusty thoroughfares, averaging fifty yards in breadth, and the houses are separated by tall milk bush hedges, enclosing 'compounds,' so called, I presume, because the thing is a mixture of the garden and the court-yard. Each domicile speaks plainly enough for its tenant. Here the huge white stuccoed pile, with tall arches and bright chinks between, towering above a screen of Euphorbia, which takes the labour of a dozen men to water it, denotes the Commissariat or the Staff Officer. There the small, neat building, with carefully curtained windows, a carriage under the shed that adjoins it, comparatively clean outhouses, and an apology for a garden kept up in the face of many difficulties, points out the married captain or field-officer. A little beyond it, another bungalow, jealously trellised round with bamboo-work, a gaudy palanquin lying near the dirty huts, and two or three jaunty, debauched looking 'darkies,' dressed in the height of black dandyism, show manifest traces of the 'Booboo' (i.e. a lady). Beyond it you remark a long, low range of stained and dilapidated building, under whose narrow verandah, with the rough wooden posts, still sleep three or four young gentlemen, in spite of the glistening of morning, the yelping of a dozen terriers, and the squabbling of as many Pariah servants, each exhorting his neighbour to do his work: that is a Castle of Indolence in which several subalterns in one of her Majesty's corps chum together, for the greater facility of spending days. Again, you observe a mean-looking bungalow, with appended kennels and stables, that are by far the best part of the house: the fine head of an Arab peeping out of his loose box is the only sign of life about the place—that is a Duck 'Subaltern Hall.' Both these establishments are apparently in a state of admirable disorder: the fences are broken down by being leapt over, the garden destroyed by being galloped over, the walls pitted with the pellet-bow, and near each a goodly heap of dirty 'Marines,' who have travelled from the generous vineyards of 'the South' to do their duty on the parched plains of Scinde, piled close by shattered six-dozen chests, old torn fly-tents, legless chairs, and other pieces of furniture which have suffered in the wars within. The few pretentious erections, built in no earthly style of architecture, which puzzle you as to their intentions, are the 'follies' of Anglo-Indian clerks and writers, a race of men which hugely delights in converting rupees to unlovely masses of brick and mortar. At first glance, your eye detects the humble dwellings of the primitive colonists, sheds of 'wattle and daub,' in the form of a single piled tent, for the most part now degraded into stables or servants' offices. They form remarkable contrasts with the double-storied houses, the thickly stuccoed roofs, made to be promenaded upon, and the extensive ranges of rooms, which have sprung up during the last ten years, when men could calculate upon being stationary for a while in the 'station' of Kurrachee. Except in a few instances, all the tenements are bungalows, parallelograms of

unlovely regularity, with walls of sun-dried brick, doubly white-washed to promote cleanliness and glare, sometimes flat above, more often sloping with red and blue tiles, with eaves pulled out, and prevented from falling by clumsy columns of brick. Each has its dependent line of dirty, dingy, 'cook-houses,' dens for the servants, and other conveniences thrown far enough off to temper the pungency of the screaming and the steams that escape through the doorless doorways. Crossing the camp in a northward direction towards the Government Gardens, we pass through, you observe the heart of the settlement. Everything at this hour looks and sounds intensely military. Yonder, on the regimental parade-ground, a plump of glittering bayonets is wheeling and turning about in close column; a little way in front of us a troop of horse artillery winds slowly along the road towards the Champ de Mars; in the square on our right are some hundred 'Johnny Rawas' under the Adjutant's watchful eye, in every grade of recruitment, from the rigid miseries of the goose-step, to the last touch of the sword exercise; and on the left a native corps, with band playing and colours flying, returns from drill to their lines and breakfasts."

There are several other descriptions equally good which might be quoted; and if all the stories had not been so long, we should have attempted to find space for one of them. The account of the Alligator Ride in the first volume, for example, is marvellously entertaining and incredible. It will be better, however, if we allow Mr. Burton to state his views on Eastern politeness.—

"Before we start from Hyderabad, I must prepare you, my good companion, by a short lecture upon the manners of the natives, for mixing with them a little more familiarly than we have done hitherto. As everything in the world has not yet been written about, printed, and published, in the East, we have nothing like 'Hints on Etiquette,' by a Lady of Fashion, or 'Manuel de la Politece,' to learn from. You must not, however, conclude that ceremony in the East is an unimportant study. Very much the contrary. The first thing Oriental people ask about you, whatever you may be, soldier, sailor, or civilian, is, 'does he speak our words?' If the answer be 'no,' then you are a *hawwan*, a brute beast,—or a *jangali*, a savage. If it be a qualified 'yes, he can, but he won't,' then, by the rule of *Omne ignotum, &c.*, are you a real magnifico. To shuffle over this difficulty in your case, as you will not have time to learn Scinde, I must represent you to be a Turk or Tartar, or some such outlandish animal, and declare that you are very learned in Ottoman literature—for which, by the by, may I be pardoned! Whenever anything is said to you, you will be pleased to stroke your beard gravely, with the right hand, for goodness' sake! frown a little, roll your head much with a heavy ferocious roll, and ejaculate syllable by syllable, *Alhamdu l'llah*, 'Praise to the Lord,'—*apropos de rien*. When a man shows you anything admirable, such as his horse, or his son, you will perform the same pantomime, and change your words to *Mashallah*, or 'What the Lord pleases,' (*subaudi*, 'be done'): mind, if you do not, and if any accident happens to the thing praised, your commendation will be considered the cause of it. Whatever action you undertake, such as rising from your seat or sitting down, calling for your pipe or dismissing its bearer, beginning or ending dinner, in fact, on all active occasions, you must not forget to pronounce *Bismillah*, 'In the name of the Lord,' with as much pomposity as you can infuse into your utterance. By this means you will be considered a grave and reverend personage; *au reste*, by moving your head much and slowly, by looking dully wise, seldom smiling, and above all things by strictly following the Bishop of Bristol's 'First Rule of Conversation'—Silence—you will do remarkably well for a stranger. The next question our Oriental puts concerning you is, 'does he know *adab*, or politeness?' here equivalent to ceremonial. You would scarcely believe how much these few words involve. It is, I believe, almost always in the power of a European diplomatist sent on a mission to an Eastern court, by mere manner to effect or to fail in the

object which his government desires. Manners, literally understood, still make the man here. Sir John Malcolm well understood this when as Elchi—ambassador—to Teheran, he drilled his *corps diplomatique* to their salaams as carefully and regularly as manager his *corps de ballet*. Orientals do not dislike our English manners, our brusquerie, our roughness, if it may be called so; but to please them, indeed not to offend them in deadly guise, it must be gentlemanly brusquerie, native and genuine, *sans malice et sans arrière pensée*; it must be 'well-placed,' not the result of ignorance, and not 'antipathetic.' Otherwise it is a dead failure, and the consequences of such failures in the diplomatic field extend far. For instance, we send to the most formal, haughty, and vain-glorious court in the world a gentleman whom they were accustomed to consider the Bolusser-General of the Embassy. The result is, that the sovereign considers himself slighted, and his ministers and courtiers are not slow to show it. The plenipotentiary, mortally offended, offends all by retorting with British bluntness and slights. He is repaid in kind; he repays in kind; and so on till the interests of his country are irretrievably ruined, and the goodwill of the foreign state is not only alienated, but transferred to a rival power. Another gentleman, brave, patriotic and high-principled, but ignorant, violent, and strong-headed, is sent to settle certain nice points with the most savage, revengeful old chieftain that ever sewed up subject in a raw cow's hide. What is the consequence? Before he has spent a week at the court he seats himself in full Darbar with the soles of his feet diametrically opposite Majesty's face—a position as appropriate to the occasion as if he had, at a levee, presented his back to his own sovereign—he engaged publicly in a furious polemical discussion, and capped the whole by grossly insulting and abusing, in the presence of the prince and his nobles, a minister who, although decidedly the 'most accomplished scoundrel in Central Asia,' was nevertheless prime favourite with his own monarch. That envoy never returned to England. Even in our humble capacity of travellers, Mr. John Bull, we must, if we wish to be comfortable, attend a little to what we ought to do and to what we ought not to do in society. If we would not be thought 'peculiar'—Orientals hate that almost as much as Englishmen—we must not 'walk the quarter-deck,' and set every one around us ejaculating—'Wonderful are the works of Allah! Behold! That Frank is trudging about when he can, if he pleases, sit still!' We must not gesticulate at all when conversing, otherwise we shall see a look of apprehension on every countenance, and hear each man asking his neighbour, whether we be low fellows, or labouring under a temporary aberration of intellect, or drunk. Standing up, we must not cross our arms over our chests—in Europe this is *à la Napoléon*, in the East it is the posture of a slave. When walking it is advisable to place one hand, not both, upon the hip; or we may carry a five-feet-long ebony staff shod with ivory: this patriarchal affair provokes respect; a switch or a horsewhip would induce the query—'Are they keepers of dogs?' Sitting down, Turkish or tailor fashion—the most easy and enduring attitude—we must be careful to remain quiet for a decent space of time; if we move about uneasily every ten minutes, we shall not fail to hear the observation—'Wallah! They have no dignity!' And if musically inclined, we may hum a little in a low voice, and with a solemn manner. We must, however, avoid the main error of a great traveller—whistling. Our native friends have no name for the offensive practice in their dialect, and the greater part of them being superstitious would probably consider it the peculiar modulation of the voice in which a white-faced man is in the habit of conversing with Sathanas.

The second book at the head of this article may be described as a translation into sober and official language of all the substantial portions of the lively two volumes which we have just noticed. It appears that the East India Company, in pursuance of the wise liberality that in such matters has generally distinguished them, gave every assistance and encouragement to Mr. Burton to prepare for the information of

the directors a memoir on the present condition of Scinde,—and the volume now laid before the public is the result. The treatise will be looked into by a very small number of persons compared with those who will be induced to read the sketches. It is a solid and acceptable addition to our Indian literature; and it must be regarded as perhaps the most complete account which has yet appeared of the Indus valley. The general conclusions at which Mr. Burton has arrived with reference to Scinde, he expresses as follows.—

"Sindh, still a new country to us, is and will be an important portion of our Eastern Empire, for two reasons. In the first place, it may be made the common commercial dépôt of Central Asia; and secondly, it is in an advanced line of posts thrown out to protect India from her natural enemies, the turbulent, warlike and powerful trans-Indic nations. The province is at present in an impoverished condition, requiring a large amount of expenditure, which future years may reimburse to us. It wants population to cultivate the land, and money to enable the agriculturist to thrive. With respect to the people, one main difficulty appears to be that of adjusting the balance between two rival races. Under a rule of foreigners, the Moslem and Hindoo will ever be antagonists; and to judge from experience, the former must succumb to the superior craftiness and stricter combination of the latter. To maintain as much as possible the equality of these great divisions, is to serve our own interests. The natives of Sindh complain at present of the depressed state of the country, and the want of facility for education; the former is a grievance, not an evil; the latter should be remedied as soon as possible. As we effect with one, all that a native Prince can do with a dozen officials, a large body of men have been temporarily thrown upon their own resources. This of course causes discontent. The substantial Jagardar, or country gentleman, now complains that he receives neither pay nor presents from us; that he is disabled by poverty from procuring labourers for his estate, and that his younger brothers and children, who formerly supported themselves by the sword or the pen, are become mere burdens to him. The middle classes lament that they cannot find employment, and that when employed their emoluments are comparatively trifling. Those who live by commerce declare that as demand decreases their manufactures are ruined, and the wholesale shrinks rapidly into the retail trade. The Ryots complain of scarcity of money and the impossibility of procuring loans from Shroffs and Banyans. But these are the necessary miseries of a transition state. Our policy is based upon the sound principle, that agriculture and commerce are the only sources of wealth to a country which does not, like Mexico and Southern India, spontaneously produce the material or the means of riches. The soldier and writer will become, as cultivator and merchant, so many labourers in the field of prosperity, instead of being what they are under native rule—mere channels down which the stream of pay flows. As regards education, we have hitherto been somewhat inactive. The native universities and colleges have been allowed to fall to ruin, and we have not substituted others in their stead. The Sindhis require vernacular works to be prepared for them, grammars, vocabularies, and translations from our popular school books. That their wants will be eventually ministered to, there is no doubt; the sooner, however we extend the helping hand to moral progress the better. The language popularly called the Sindhi is an ancient, copious, grammatical, and to a certain extent, a cultivated dialect. As it is universally understood throughout the province, it must be considered more suitable for official correspondence and the transaction of public business than the solecistic Persian now in use.

Nothing can be so well adapted practically to facilitate fraud and injustice, as the employment of two languages, one of them understood only by the educated classes. The last point to be noticed with respect to the Sindhi dialect is, that it contains some old and popular compositions which should be collected and preserved as a standard of language, and as an aid to the European scholar. We are not likely to derive much amusement or improvement from the literary effusions of a semi-barbarous race,

but as means of power they are valuable weapons in our hands. The Russians, the craftiest, if not the most successful of Oriental politicians, have long since printed and translated the vernacular works of the Afghans; we, on the contrary, scarcely took the trouble to ascertain the nature of a tongue spoken throughout a country with which we have had intimate relations for the last twenty, and where we reigned masters during five years."

As another illustration of the absurd confusion which at present prevails in the orthography of Indian proper names, we must not omit to point out that the word Scinde is spelt by Mr. Burton in two different ways on the title-pages of the two works before us. These works are published at the same time, are written by the same author, and treat of the same country; yet one of them describes that country as 'Scinde,' and the other as 'Sindh.' Surely this is a state of things which might be avoided by adhering to the simple rule that we have on former occasions recommended,—namely, by respecting and continuing that particular mode of spelling an Indian proper name which has already become familiar to English readers. Of Mr. Burton we dare say we shall hear again—and doubtless to his advantage.

The Whale. By Herman Melville, Author of 'Typee,' &c. &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

This is an ill-compounded mixture of romance and matter-of-fact. The idea of a connected and collected story has obviously visited and abandoned its writer again and again in the course of composition. The style of his tale is in places disfigured by mad (rather than bad) English; and its catastrophe is hastily, weakly, and obscurely managed. The second title—'Moby Dick'—is the name given to a particular sperm whale, or white sea monster, more malignant and diabolical even than the sperm whale in general is known to be. This ocean fiend is invested with especial horrors for our ship's crew;—because, once upon a time, a conflict with him cost their Captain a limb. Captain Ahab had an ivory leg made,—took an oath of retribution,—grew crazy,—lashed himself up into a purpose of cruising in quest of his adversary,—and bound all who sailed with him to stand by him in his wrath. With this cheerful Captain, on such a wise and Christian voyage of discovery, went to sea Ishmael, the imaginary writer of this narrative.

Frantic though such an invention seems to be, it might possibly have been accepted as the motive and purpose of an *extravaganza* had its author been consistent with himself. Nay, in such a terrible cause—when Krakens and Typhoons and the wonders of Mid-Ocean, &c. &c. were the topics and toys to be arranged and manoeuvred—we might have stretched a point in admission of electrical verbs and adjectives as hoarse as the hurricane. There is a time for everything in imaginative literature;—and, according to its order, a place—for rant as well as for reserve; but the rant must be good, honest, shameless rant, without flaw or misgiving. The voice of "the storm wind Euroclydon" must not be interrupted by the facts of Scoresby and the figures of Cocker. Ravings and scraps of useful knowledge flung together salad-wise make a dish in which there may be much surprise, but in which there is little savour. The real secret of this patchiness in the present case is disclosed in Mr. Melville's appendix, which contains such an assortment of curious quotations as Souther might have wrought up into a whale-chapter for 'The Doctor,'—suggesting the idea that a substantial work on the subject may have been originally contemplated. Either Mr. Melville's purpose must have changed, or his power must have fallen short. The result

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is, at all events, a most provoking book,—neither so utterly extravagant as to be entirely comfortable, nor so instructively complete as to take place among documents on the subject of the Great Fish, his capabilities, his home and his capture. Our author must be henceforth numbered in the company of the incorrigibles who occasionally tantalize us with indications of genius, while they constantly summon us to endure monstrosities, carelessnesses, and other such harassing manifestations of bad taste as daring or disordered ingenuity can devise.

The opening of this wild book contains some graphic descriptions of a dreariness such as we do not remember to have met with before in marine literature. Sick of shore, Ishmael, the narrator, resolves to go to sea in a whaler; and on his way to Nantucket with that object, he is detained at New Bedford. The following passage will give gentlemen who live at home—as the song says—a new idea of taking their ease in their inn.—

"Having a night, a day, and still another night following, before me in New Bedford, ere I could embark for my destined port, it became a matter of concernment where I was to eat and sleep meanwhile. It was a very dubious-looking, nay, a very dark and dismal night, bitingly cold and cheerless. I knew no one in the place. With anxious grapples I had sounded my pocket, and only brought up a few pieces of silver. 'So, wherever you go, Ishmael,' said I to myself, as I stood in the middle of a dreary street shouldering my bag, and comparing the gloom towards the north with the darkness towards the south,—'wherever in your wisdom you may conclude to lodge for the night, my dear Ishmael, be sure to inquire the price, and don't be too particular.' With halting steps I paced the streets, and passed the sign of 'The Crossed Harpoons,'—but it looked too expensive and jolly there. Further on, from the bright-red windows of the 'Sword-Fish Inn,' there came such fervent rays, that it seemed to have melted the packed snow and ice from before the house; for everywhere else the congealed frost lay ten inches thick in a hard, asphaltic pavement,—rather weary for me, when I struck my foot against the finny projections, because from hard, remorseless service the soles of my boots were in a most miserable plight. 'Too expensive and jolly, again,' thought I, pausing one moment to watch the broad glare in the street, and hear the sound of the tinkling glasses within. 'But go on, Ishmael,' said I at last, 'don't you hear? get away from before the door; your patched boots are stopping the way.' So on I went. I now by instinct followed the streets that took me seaward, for there, doubtless, were the cheapest, if not the cheeriest inns. Such dreary streets! blocks of blackness—not houses—on either hand, and here and there a candle, like a candle moving about in a tomb. At this hour of the night, of the last day of the week, that quarter of the town proved all but deserted. But presently I came to a smoky light proceeding from a low, wide building, the door of which stood invitingly open. It had a careless look, as if it were meant for the uses of the public; so, entering, the first thing I did was to stumble over in ash-box in the porch. * * I picked myself up, and hearing a loud voice within, pushed on, and opened a second, interior door. It seemed the great Black Parliament sitting in Tophet. A hundred black faces turned round in their rows to peer; and beyond, a black Angel of Doom was beating a book in a pulpit. It was a negro church; and the preacher's text was about the blackness of darkness, and the weeping and wailing and teeth-gnashing there. * * Moving on, I at last came to a dim sort of out-lantern light, not far from the docks, and heard a sullen creaking in the air; and looking up, saw a swinging sign over the door, with a white painting upon it, faintly representing a tall straight jet of misty spray, and these words underneath—'The Spouter-Inn:—Peter Coffin.' * * As the light looked so dim, and the place, for the time, looked quiet enough, and the dilapidated little wooden house had looked as if it might have been carted here from the ruins of some burnt district, and as the swinging sign had a poverty-stricken sort of creak to it, I

thought that here was the very spot for cheap lodgings, and the best of pea coffee. It was a queer sort of place—gable-ended old house, one side palsied, as it were, and leaning over sadly. * * Entering that gable-ended Spouter-Inn, you found yourself in a wide, low, straggling entry, with old-fashioned wainscots, reminding one of the bulwarks of some condemned old craft. On one side hung a very large oil-painting, so thoroughly besmoked and every way defaced, that in the unequal cross-lights by which you viewed it, it was only by diligent study and a series of systematic visits to it, and careful inquiry of the neighbours, that you could any way arrive at an understanding of its purpose. * * The picture represents a Cape-Horner in a great hurricane; the half-foundered ship writhing there with its three dismantled masts alone visible; and an exasperated whale, purposing to spring clean over the craft, is in the enormous act of impaling himself upon the three mast-heads. The opposite wall of this entry was hung all over with a heathenish array of monstrous clubs and spears. Some were thickly set with glittering teeth resembling ivory saws; others were tufted with knots of human hair; and one was sickle-shaped, with a vast handle sweeping round, like the segment made in the new-mown grass by a long-armed mower. You shuddered as you gazed, and wondered what monstrous cannibal and savage could ever have gone a death-harvesting with such a hacking, horrifying implement. Mixed with these were rusty old whaling lances and harpoons, all broken and deformed. Some were storied weapons. With this once long lance, now wildly elbowed, fifty years ago did Nathan Swain kill fifteen whales between a sunrise and a sunset. And that harpoon—so like a corkscrew now—was flung in Javan seas, and run away with by a whale, years afterwards slain off the Cape of Blanco. The original iron entered nigh the tail, and, like a restless needle sojourning in the body of a man, travelled full forty feet, and at last was found imbedded in the hump. Crossing this dusky entry, and on through you low-arched way—cut through what in old times must have been a great central chimney with fire-places all round—you enter the public room. A still duskier place is this, with such low ponderous beams above, and such old wrinkled planks beneath, that you would almost fancy you trod some old craft's cockpits, especially on such a howling night, when this corner-anchored old ark rocked so furiously. On one side stood a long, low, shelf-like table covered with cracked glass cases, filled with dusty rarities gathered from this wide world's remotest nooks. Projecting from the further angle of the room stands a dark-looking den—the bar—a rude attempt at a right whale's head. Be that how it may, there stands the vast arched bone of the whale's jaw, so wide, a coach might almost drive beneath it. Within are shabby shelves, ranged round with old decanters, bottles, flasks; and in those jaws of swift destruction, bustles a little withered old man, who, for their money, dearly sells the sailors deliriums and death. * * Upon entering the place, I found a number of young seamen gathered about a table, examining by a dim light divers specimens of *skrimshander*. I sought the landlord, and telling him I desired to be accommodated with a room, received for answer that his house was full—not a bed unoccupied. 'But avast,' he added, tapping his forehead, 'you haunt no objections to sharing a harpooneer's blanket, have ye? I s'pose you are goin' a whalin', so you'd better get used to that sort of thing.' * * 'I thought so. All right; take a seat. Supper?—you want supper? Supper'll be ready directly.'—I sat down on an old wooden settle, carved all over like a bench on the Battery. At one end a ruminating tar was still further adorning it with his jack-knife, stooping over and diligently working away at the space between his legs. He was trying his hand at a ship under full sail, but she didn't make much headway, I thought. At last some four or five of us were summoned to our meal in an adjoining room. It was cold as Iceland—no fire at all—the landlord said he couldn't afford it. Nothing but two dismal tallow candles, each in a winding sheet. We were fain to button up our monkey jackets, and hold to our lips cups of scalding tea with our half-frozen fingers. But the fare was of the most substantial kind—not only meat and potatoes, but dumplings. Good

heavens! dumplings for supper! One young fellow in a green box coat, addressed himself to these dumplings in a most direful manner.—'My boy,' said the landlord, 'you'll have the nightmare to a dead certainty.'—'Landlord,' I whispered, 'that ain't the harpooneer, is it?'—'Oh, no,' said he, looking a sort of diabolically funny. 'The harpooneer is a dark complexioned chap. He never eats dumplings, he don't—he eats nothing but steaks, and likes 'em rare.' * * Presently a rioting noise was heard without. Starting up, the landlord cried, 'That's the Grampus's crew. I seed her reported in the offing this morning; a three years' voyage, and a full ship. Hurrah, boys; now we'll have the latest news from the Feegees.'—A tramping of sea boots was heard in the entry; the door was flung open, and in rolled a wild set of mariners enough. Enveloped in their shaggy watch coats, and with their heads muffled in woolen comforters, all bedarred and ragged, and their beards stiff with icicles, they seemed an eruption of bears from Labrador. They had just landed from their boat, and this was the first house they entered. No wonder, then, that they made a straight wake for the whale's mouth—the bar—when the wrinkled little old fellow there officiating, soon poured them out brimmers all round. One complained of a bad cold in his head, upon which the old fellow mixed him a pitch-like potion of gin and molasses, which he swore was a sovereign cure for all colds and catarrhs whatsoever, never mind of how long standing, whether caught off the coast of Labrador, or on the weather side of an ice-island. The liquor soon mounted into their heads, as it generally does even with the arrantest topers newly landed from sea, and they began capering about most obstreporously."

The dark-complexioned harpooner turned out to be a cannibal, one Queequeg,—as sweet-tempered a savage as if he had been a prize vegetarian. It seemed odd enough to find Miss Martineau in her 'Eastern Travel' professing that 'she had never rested till she had mastered the religious idea involved in cannibalism,'—but Mr. Melville's impersonation of the virtues and humanities which are to light up and relieve his terrible story is yet odder as a selection. The Battas, who, as Sir Stamford Raffles assures us, eat their progenitors when the latter are sixty years old, are henceforth not beyond the reach of *réhabilitation*:—nay, those most dismal of Gnomes, the aborigines who devour clay, may now expect their laureate and their apologist. To such lengths will a craving for effect carry a sane man!

We have little more to say in reprobation or in recommendation of this absurd book,—having detailed its leading incident. Mr. Melville has been on former occasions characterized by us as one who thoroughly understands the tone of sea superstition. There is a wild humorous poetry in some of his terrors which distinguishes him from the vulgar herd of fustian-weavers. For instance, his interchapter on 'The Whiteness of the Whale' is full of ghostly suggestions for which a Maturin or a Monk Lewis would have been thankful. Mr. Melville has to thank himself only if his horrors and his heroics are flung aside by the general reader, as so much trash belonging to the worst school of Bedlam literature,—since he seems not so much unable to learn as disdainful of learning the craft of an artist.

Recollections of Manilla and the Philippines, during 1848, 1849, and 1850. By Robert Mac Micking, Esq. Bentley.

THE author of this volume appears to be a Scotchman; who, after residing in the Philippines for three years in some commercial capacity, has thought it worth his while to convey to people at home his impressions of the conditions and prospects of those distant and little known islands. This is as it should be. What with our growing relations with China and the

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Eastern Peninsula,—what with our still more direct concern with the splendid island of Borneo,—there can be no doubt that we ought to be turning our attention to the Philippines; the destinies of which islands will evidently be determined in no small degree by the approximation now taking place in those seas between the European and the Chinese races. Considering the number of books that are at present published respecting islands, hitherto known only by name, lying between the western coast of America and the eastern coast of Asia, it would seem as if the literary instinct were preceding the march of actual colonization,—and marking out, as it were, spot by spot, the scattered sites in the Pacific on which the enterprise of the West, whose present outpost is California, is successfully to plant its footsteps as it crosses the ocean to complete the chain of intercourse between America and the more ancient scenes of civilization in China and India. Such books, if reasonably well executed, are to be welcomed,—less as additions to our literature, than as reports about new places required by the world's enlarging business.

Viewed in this light, Mr. Mac Micking's is a very meritorious book. It possesses no great literary excellence, either of style or of arrangement; but it is a sensible and plain record of a great variety of things which it will be useful for people in general, and more particularly for men engaged in commerce, to know about the Philippines. A considerable portion of the volume is occupied with a gossipping and agreeable, though not very systematic or vivid, account of social habits and customs in Manila and in other parts of the islands. The entire population of the Philippines Mr. Mac Micking estimates at about five millions:—consisting for the most part of descendants of the original Malay Indians, whom the Spaniards found in possession of the islands, with a considerable number of Spanish and other European immigrants, a still larger number of half-castes, and not a few Chinese. The great majority of the population of the Philippines are engaged in agricultural occupations; the chief seat of trade being the capital of the islands, Manila,—a city of about 200,000 inhabitants, of whom about 5,000 are Spaniards or whites, and rank as an aristocracy. Here is a description of the usual habits of a Spanish resident in Manila.—

"As persons in the government service form the great proportion of the white population, a sketch of the habits of one of them may not be uninteresting;—say those of an average officer of the Hacienda, for instance. He usually gets out of bed about six, or a little after, to enjoy the cool air of the morning, and sip his chocolate, with the aid of *brosas*, without which he could scarcely manage to get through the day; he then dresses and drives to his office, where he remains till twelve o'clock, which hour finishes his official duties for the day. While in his office the nature of his work is not very arduous, and does not appear to call into play any powers of the mind, as it appears to consist only in his remaining for about four hours in a cool and large room, generally seated at a table or desk, overlooking a number of native writers, occupied in making out and filling up forms which are required by the existing regulations for the government service. The Spaniard, however, has nothing to do with all that, only occasionally exerting himself so far as to sign his name, or merely to dash his *rúbrica*, without taking the trouble to sign his name, to the papers presented to him by these native copyists; and should you enter his office, he generally appears to be just awaking from a nap, as he opens his eyes, and rouses himself to salute his visitor. At noon the public offices are closed, and he drives home to dine about one or two o'clock, after which, he generally sleeps till about five, for nearly all the Spanish residents take a long siesta. About that time of the day, he is awakened to dress

and prepare for the *paseo* on the Calyada, and for the *tertulia* after it, at the house of some acquaintance; or if he should by any chance happen to be without acquaintance, to saunter through the Chinamen's shops, admiring walking-canes, cravats, or waistcoat-pieces; and while so engaged, he is pretty sure to meet some companion for a gossip, or other amusement. After this, he sets off to sup at home, and to sleep till another day comes round, when the same routine must be gone through."

The author thus relates one of the customs of the Manilenses most curious to a stranger, and an anecdote in connexion with it.—

"It is the custom at Manilla for any respectably-dressed European passing by a house where music and dancing are going on, to be permitted to join the party, although he may be a perfect stranger to every one there; and should any one do so, after having made his bow to the master of the house, and said some words, of course about the liberty he was taking, and his fondness for music and dancing, &c., he is always welcomed by him, and is at perfect liberty to ask any lady present to dance; nor is she likely to refuse him, as her doing so would scarcely be considered well bred. • • Some years ago a British merchant, resident at Manilla, was very much blamed by his countrymen for not conforming to the customs of the country in this respect. He broke through them in this manner,—after the China war, a part of the expedition visited Manilla, including some of the principal officers both of the army and navy, who had just been so gallantly distinguishing themselves in that country. On their arrival at Manilla, the houses of their countrymen to whom they went provided with introductions were in a great measure thrown open to them; and of course, as their hospitable entertainers wished to show them something of the people and the place, a good deal of gaiety was got up to amuse them. Among others the gentleman in question gave a ball to General Lord Saltoun and the Admiral, including, of course, most of the other officers of the expedition. The party was a large one, and included nearly all the British residents there, together with his Spanish acquaintances. Hearing the sounds of music and dancing in the street, a stranger entered the house and walked up stairs; and unperceived, I believe, by the landlord, entered the ball-room, where he engaged a Spanish lady to dance,—the girl whom he asked chancing to be the daughter of a military officer of rank, and a particular friend of the giver of the party. On leading her up to her place, the stranger was remarked, and recognized by some one present, who asked his host if he knew who the person was; but he, on looking at him, merely said that he did not, and was passing on without more notice or thought about him. Just at the moment, some one wishing to quiz him, said to the host, who was a man of hasty temper and feelings,—'So, D——, you have got my tailor to meet your guests,' pointing, at the same time, towards the stranger whom he had just been observing. Of course, Mr. D—— was angry at the liberty taken by such a person in joining his party, and probably afraid of the laugh it would give rise to; for he walked up to the tailor, and asked him in a most angry manner by whose invitation he came there, and then, without waiting for any reply, catching his coat-collar, walked with him to the top of the stairs, and kicked him down. The man complained to the governor, and the consequence was that Mr. D—— was fined a considerable amount, and for some time banished to a place at a short distance from Manilla, which he was forbidden to enter. As he was a merchant, and of course had his business to attend to, this was a most severe punishment, which, by the influence of the Consul, however, was subsequently rescinded, and he was allowed to return to town."

The best portion of Mr. Mac Micking's volume, however, is that devoted to the commerce of the Philippines,—including a detailed account of their imports and exports. Of the import trade Mr. Mac Micking says:—

"The import trade of Manilla is almost entirely in the hands of the British merchants established there, so far as the great staple articles of manufactured goods are concerned; although a quantity is regularly furnished to supply the demands of the market by the Chinese, whose earthenware, iron

cooking utensils, silks, cloths, and curiosities, are very plentiful at Manilla, and are indeed obtainable over all the country without much difficulty. Among the produce of our looms, especially those of Manchester and Glasgow, which are at all times saleable here, may be mentioned shirtings, both white and grey, long cloths, domestics, drills, cambrics, jacquets, twills, white and printed, bobbinet, gimp lace, cotton velvet, sewing thread, cotton twist of certain colours, principally Turkey red, Turkey red cloth, prints of various sorts, chiefly Bengal stripes, furniture prints, and Turkey red chintz prints, kambayas, and ginghams, which being cheaper are gradually taking the place of kambayas; indigo blue checks, imitation Piña cloth, blue and striped chambays, grandrills, trouser stufs of various sorts, chiefly of cotton, and mixed cotton and wool; handkerchiefs of many descriptions, known as Kambaya handkerchiefs, Turkey red bandanas, fancy-printed light ground checked handkerchiefs, Scotch cambric handkerchiefs, &c.; broad-cloth, cubicoes, lastings, leathans, gambrons, long ells, camlets, carriage lace, both broad and narrow, canvas, cordage, iron, lead, spelter, steel, cutlery, ironmongery, earthenware, glassware, umbrellas and parasols of cotton and silk, &c., as well as India beer, which, though last mentioned, is not the common sort of beer, nor the least profitable or pleasant of them all."

The export trade is also chiefly conducted by British and American houses; and consists mainly of the following articles:—rice exported chiefly to China,—sugar, hemp, cigars, cordage, and Japan wood, exported to Great Britain, the Continent, Australia, the Indies, California, and the United States,—leaf tobacco, exported to the Continent,—coffee, indigo, hides, hide cuttings, mother-of-pearl shell, tortoise shell, gold dust, exported to China,—ebony wood, grass cloth, and hats of native manufacture. Mr. Mac Micking devotes some pages to a specific notice of each of these articles of export. He also informs us that—

"Of the exports to the continent of Europe only a small proportion goes to Spain, probably not exceeding a third part of the quantities set down in the table for the Continent. Bremen, Hamburg, and Antwerp are the three towns in the north with which most business is done, and Bordeaux and Havre de Grâce are nearly the only places to which the other exports are shipped for Europe, exclusive of the ports of Cadiz, Malaga, and Bilbao, in the Peninsula."

The book contains notices of the native Indian population and the half-castes in various parts of the islands; as well as some very interesting particulars relative to the Chinese settlers—who, next to the English and the Americans, seem to be by far the most money-making and enterprising. Our Socialist readers will see from the following extract that the Leclaire system of co-operation or partnership in establishments, which has been so much talked of here of late, has been long in practice among the Chinese traders in Manilla.—

"Without the walls [of Manilla] nearly all the trade is carried on, the Escolta and Rosario, on that side of the river, being the principal streets, built however without any regard to regularity, so that they are not handsome, but in them nearly all the best Chinamen's shops are situated. These are in general very small confined places, though crammed with manufactures, the produce of Manchester, Glasgow, Birmingham, and of many other European and Chinese manufacturing marts. Some of the shops may also be seen stufed to the door with the valuable Piña cloth, hûsh, and other productions of the native looms. The great object of the Chinese shopkeepers appears to be, to show the most varied, and frequently miscellaneous, collection of goods in the smallest possible space; as, their shops being for the most part not more than ten feet broad towards the street, leaves but little space besides the doorway to display the attractions of their wares, and every inch has to be made the most of by them. These China shopkeepers have nearly driven all competition, except with each other, out of the market,—very few

Mestizos or Spaniards being able to live on the small profits which the competition among themselves has reduced them to. A China shopkeeper generally makes his shop his home, all of them sleeping in those confined dens at night, from which, on opening their doors about five in the morning, as they usually do, a most noisome and pestiferous smell issues and is diffused through the streets. The Mestizos cannot do this, but must have a house to live in out of the profits of the shop; and the consequence has been, that when their shop-keeping profits could no longer do that, they have nearly all betaken themselves to other more suitable occupations, from which the energies of their Chinese rivals are less likely to drive them. The number of Chinamen in Manilla and throughout the islands is very great, and nearly the whole provincial trade in manufactured goods is in their hands. Numerous traders of that nation have shops opened throughout the islands, their business being carried on by one of their own countrymen, generally the principal person of the concern, who remains resident in Manilla, while his various agents in the country keep him advised of their wants, to meet which he makes large purchases from the merchants, and forwards the same to his country friends. Besides having many shops in the provinces, each of these head men is generally in the habit of having a number of shops in Manilla. Sometimes upwards of a dozen being frequently all contiguous to one another, so that any one going into one of his shops and asking for something the price of which appears too dear, refuses it and goes to the next shop, which probably belongs to the same man, and is likely to buy it, as he is apt to think—because they all ask the same price—that it cannot be got cheaper elsewhere, so gives the amount demanded for it, although it is probably very much too dear. * * In these Chinese shops, the owner usually engages all the activity of his countrymen employed by him in them, by giving each of them a share in the profits of the concern, or, in fact, by making them all small partners in the business, of which he of course takes care to retain the lion's share, so that while doing good for him by managing it well, they are also benefiting themselves. To such an extent is this principle carried, that it is usual to give even their coolies a share in the profits of the business in lieu of fixed wages, and the plan appears to suit their temper well; for although they are in general most complete eye-servants when working for a fixed wage, they are found to be most industrious and useful ones when interested even for the smallest share.

Everything seems to prove that, whether the Chinese empire is to be disintegrated or not by European influence, the Chinese as individuals will maintain their position, and get on well wherever they are:—herein, perhaps, rivalling in reputation (who knows?) Mr. Mac Micking's own countrymen.

The Castle of the Deserts—[*Le Château des Déserts*]. By Georges Sand. Jeffs. That the good angel of Madame Dudevant has here forsaken her will be owned by her most robust admirers and panegyrists.—Her newest novel is insipid; innocent of any imaginable purpose, and to be deprecated as recalling a tale which every one should desire to see forgotten. There is something more like the cold effrontery of cynicism than the fantastic enthusiasm of faith in thus recurring to, if not precisely continuing '*Lucrezia Floriani*'. That bad book was written—or rumour is more than usually malignant—by way of apology or explanation of, and commentary on, history familiar to all the circles of Paris,—possibly under those influences of temper which, right or wrong, few women can resist. It is a book to be utterly disclaimed by the artist who has so eloquently lectured upon Art in her cooler moments. Instead of this, Madame Dudevant's gratuitous reference to '*Lucrezia*' makes it evident that she regards it as a work of pre-dilection. She could have wrought the machinery of her 'Castle of the Deserts' with per-

fectly new creatures without injury to one dull page or one dragging harangue.

The opening scenes may be compared with those of '*Consuelo*'; since they relate the début of a young tenor singer,—the interest taken in him by sundry ladies,—and the manner in which this traverses the happiness of the young painter who tells the story. But, whereas '*Consuelo*' may be likened to a series of pictures on enamel,—rich, glowing, complete,—this 'Château' resembles nothing so much as the morsel of china blurred in colour and warped in form which is flung away as "waste." It is enough to say, that after the hero is crossed in love, and after those who cross him have mysteriously disappeared from the scene in the middle of the night,—he has but to take *vetturino*, and go over the Alps, and a day's drive short of Briançon he stumbles on the party shut up in the "château" which gives its name to the novel, all the day long playing at ladies and gentlemen,—clearing the house at nightfall of its servants—then barricading windows and doors, &c.—and setting themselves to the serious business of their lives,—which is studying Art, by acting and altering plays in a private theatre, in the presence of nobody. Into this mysterious arena for training our hero is dragged,—and there induced, at a moment's warning, to take the part of the Statue in '*Don Juan*'. Here Madame Dudevant takes the opportunity to say one or two fine and poetical things concerning that fable; which, like '*Hamlet*', has become a stock-object of speculation and rhapsody to the transcendentalists. But the grace and acuteness of her remarks are a mere momentary flash;—the harlequinade re-commences anon, and *Harlequin* and *Columbine* are pale, weary,—at once hackneyed and unreal. Our painter-hero is cured of his fancied love—which threatened disturbance to many people—by a point-blank declaration made to him two days after his arrival in this magic place by a courageous young lady till then utterly strange to him. "*Do you love me?*" says she.—"*If I said I did,*" replies he, "*would you believe it?*"—"I have courage," is her rejoinder, "*I love you.*"—"Will you marry me?" responds the astonished and enchanted youth.—"*I will.*"—The two are married:—and thus closes '*The Castle of the Deserts*'.

Were not Madame Dudevant a celebrity, a woman of genius, and, as some think, a prophetess,—we should take shame for having occupied our readers for even a passing instant about nonsense at once so extravagant and so vapid as this.—Does it foreshow the stream losing itself in the sand, in place of deepening and strengthening in its course, to join, to feed and to widen one of the earth's mighty rivers?

Principles of Physiology, General and Comparative. By William B. Carpenter, M.D. Churchill.

PERHAPS there is no science whose laws and general principles have undergone so marked a change within the last twenty years as that of Physiology. In that period, inquiries concerning the functions performed by living beings have been rescued from the region of hypothesis and conjecture, and carried on amongst well-observed facts and the legitimate conclusions of inductive science. The absurd theories propounded by medical writers to explain the action of medicines or account for the phenomena of disease are no longer permitted to invade the domain of the physiologist; and, associating with the natural philosopher, the chemist, the microscopist, and the comparative anatomist, he can now challenge the inductive philosopher to investigate his theories, and give

him the aid of his principles to assist in the prosecution of his studies.

Although Physiology, as the science which embraces the facts presented by the activity of the organs of living beings, has a ground especially its own,—there are few departments of human inquiry that derive so much aid from cognate branches of knowledge. As organized beings consist of matter identical with that which composes the mineral world, and still subject to the inorganic law, so the physiologist before examining the functions of his living body has been obliged to ascertain how many of the phenomena which he investigates are due to physical forces and chemical properties. Many of the functions of animals and plants which were formerly set down to that refuge of destitute physiologists "the vital principle," are now found to be mainly due to the action of physical forces. The researches and inquiries of Edwards, Matteucci, Newport, and Carpenter have shown not only the influence of physical agents—as heat and light—on the living functions of animals and plants, but that the amount of vital force or activity which they can display is in proportion (within, of course, certain limits) to the action of external physical forces. By the discoveries of Mulder and the brilliant speculations of Liebig, many of the phenomena of plants and animals that had hitherto been regarded as obedient to vital agents were reduced to chemical laws. The Plant was demonstrated to be the great seat of chemical change in the organized world; and the Vegetable Kingdom was shown to be a vast chemical laboratory, by which the constituents of the earth, ocean, and atmosphere were prepared previously to their being elaborated into the forms of animal life. The process of growth in the animal, which had been previously regarded as the result of vital forces effecting varied chemical changes, was shown to be carried on with little or no chemical change; whilst animal heat and the secretions of the body were traced to active changes going on in the elements of which the tissues are formed.

Of all the subsidiary means by which Physiology has been assisted to attain its present position, none have been of more value than the microscope. Gradually have the facts revealed by this important instrument of research been modifying physiological theories till now, —when we find admitted as a general fact that all theories of function must be compatible with the phenomena of cell-life, which can be observed only by the aid of the microscope. It is in such an instance as this that the importance of studying Physiology as the law of vegetable as well as of animal life is seen. All the facts of the growth of cells and the general functions which they perform were first made out on vegetable structures by Schleiden, before their existence in the animal structure was demonstrated by Schwann. It is not, however, for the discovery of cells only that the physiologist is indebted to the microscope. That instrument completed the discovery of Harvey, by demonstrating the circulation of the blood in the capillaries. It has revealed the minute structure of organs, and afforded a means of distinguishing between many structures that the naked eye had previously confounded. It has thus led to the localization of functions which had before been deemed general; and henceforth it must become a chief instrument of research both for animal and for vegetable physiology.

If Physiology in general has gained from the researches of those employing other methods than its own, human physiology has especially gained from the researches of the comparative

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anatomist. Comparative anatomy, within a recent period, has shown that all the organs of animals have a relation the one to the other,—and that to understand the nature of the one we must know the other. What is true of the relations of the skeleton of the whole animal series, as shown by Prof. Owen in his admirable essay 'On the Nature of Limbs,' is true also of nerves, blood-vessels, and muscles; and the whole series of animal structures must be studied to arrive at a knowledge of that of the highest. It is thus that every discovery of the zoologist, by furnishing ready-made experiments, as it were, for the comparative anatomist, is helping onward the great tide of physiological knowledge.

The recent progress of the science of Physiology has been nowhere better marked in the literature of this country than in the works of Dr. Carpenter. Whatever amount of detraction his very successful literary career may have called forth, we know of no works that have so faithfully reflected the progress of Physiology as his multitudinous writings. We have had occasion to differ from him, and to use the privilege of the critic when we have thought him wrong by saying so; but we are glad of an opportunity to express how much we think the science of Physiology owes to his exertions. One of the earliest works in our language which attempted to embrace in one wide view the physiology of the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the relation of the two, was, his work on 'The Principles of General and Comparative Physiology.' Before and since that time, in reviews, papers, articles and bulky volumes, he has trodden and retrodden those fields of investigation which have given to the science of Physiology its present character. These works are not characterized so much by original research as by an extensive and accurate acquaintance with the labours of others. Whilst they indicate a patient and laborious inquiry after truth, the facts which they contain are communicated in a clear, earnest and attractive style. With such qualifications, we can scarcely wonder at the favour with which Dr. Carpenter's writings are received; and we almost question if with such gifts a man should give up, at the demand of his cavillers, time to original experimental research.—But Dr. Carpenter is not a mere compiler. His books on many important points display original thought; and on many subjects he is known to the scientific world as an observer and an experimentalist.

The 'Principles of Physiology,' though purporting to be a third edition of the 'Principles of Comparative and General Physiology,' must be looked on truly as a new work. The author tells us in his preface, that "out of 1080 pages of which it consists, not above 151—or less than one-seventh—belong to the previous edition." The general plan, however, of the work is the same. We recognize in it the same outline and scheme; but a comparison of the details would furnish one of the best commentaries on the remarks that we have made above as to the progress of the science of Physiology. The work is divided into two parts:—one on general, and the other on special and comparative physiology. In the first part, the growth and développement of the cell in animals and plants, and its union and change of form to constitute the various tissues, are treated of in a very complete manner,—and the latest researches on the subject are fully given. This is followed by a general view of the structure and forms of the vegetable and animal kingdoms. The morphology of the animal is treated, however, at much greater length than that of the vegetable; and although perhaps the im-

portance of the first is greater in relation to human physiology, yet it seems to us hardly consistent with the general object of the work to sum up the morphology of the flowering plants in about half a dozen pages.—All students of anatomy will thank Dr. Carpenter for his clear and useful summary of the present state of our knowledge of the homologies of the vertebral skeleton. On this subject he fully adopts the views of Professor Owen; whose assistance he has had in revising this portion of his book for the press. In this part of the work there is a chapter on the general plan of organic structure and développement. Those who have watched the discussion lately raised by Sir Charles Lyell on the theory of progression in creation, will turn to this chapter with interest. We think the question is one for the anatomist rather than the geologist to decide. Dr. Carpenter discards at once the "transmutation" theory of the 'Vestiges,'—and evidently hesitates at adopting any theory of "progressive development" at all. He has, however, a theory of his own, in which he states that "in the successive introduction of the several groups composing the animal and vegetable kingdoms respectively, the progression was not so much from the lower to the higher forms as from the more general to the more special,—from those which were in closest relationship to each other to those that are most isolated as types of their respective groups." This is the application to the succession of life on the globe of the principle asserted by Von Baer with regard to the development of all living beings, that a special structure arises out of a general structure,—and that by a gradual change. This theory, however, is quite compatible with that which asserts that the succession of animal and vegetable life has been from the lower to the higher.

Of the chapters on Special and Comparative Physiology we can only say, that they contain the most recent views of others, and the most matured judgment of the author on the subjects to which they are devoted,—and these are subjects which are of interest to all. We are convinced, that if the sanitary alarm which has recently existed is to do good, it must be by individuals studying the laws of health. This part of Dr. Carpenter's volume contains an explanation and discussion of these laws; and those who would know something more than can be learnt from a pamphlet or a popular lecture could not have a better instructor.—The volume is beautifully printed,—and illustrated with upwards of three hundred admirably executed wood engravings.

Spain, as It Is. By G. A. Hoskins. 2 vols. Colburn.

THERE are three ways by which the English traveller may journey from London to Spain:—by sea from Southampton to Cadiz,—through Paris and Marseilles, whence a steamer sails for Barcelona and Valencia,—or by railway and diligence to Bordeaux and across the Pyrenees. The journey by sea is the longest, and presents the dangerous passage of the Bay of Biscay. Between the two land routes there is not much to choose. Either way there are some hundreds of miles to pass, with little to reward the fatigues of travel; but the progress—slow though it be—of the French railways will in a few years make it easy to reach the southern slopes of the Pyrenees in half a week from England. On the whole, the most interesting and agreeable route, at present is by the south—stopping short at Avignon,—and, after a few days spent in examining that fine cluster of ancient towns, Arles, Nîmes, Alais, Avignon and Marseilles—all connected by branch lines of railway,

—proceeding by Montpellier to Céte, where a steamer waits to carry passengers across the Lake of Thau to the great South Canal and Beziers. From this last town the diligence runs to Narbonne and Perpignan. The distance from London to Perpignan may be achieved by this route without discomfort in less than a week. The first day's journey terminates at Paris, the next at Lyons,—the third day, Avignon may be reached,—the fourth day, the traveller is at Nîmes, Montpellier and Céte,—whence a day and night in the diligence carries him to the Spanish town of Perpignan.

Mr. Hoskins, our latest tourist in Granada and Andalusia, took this route, with one or two unimportant deviations,—and his testimony is strongly in its favour. His tour seems to have been eminently pleasant to himself; but he does not possess the happy art of communicating to his readers either the calm enjoyment or the ecstatic thrill with which he gazed on Art and Nature in that land of chivalry and song. His narrative strain is ever in the same low key. In vain for him the Spanish knight has won the love of Moorish maiden. The lyre of romance touches no responsive chord in his heart. He writes of Cordova, face to face with all its stirring memories, its oriental beauty, its historic renown, as one would of Stockport or of Elberfeld—in the plainest of prose, and in the style of an appraiser. No doubt, this manner of writing has its use,—but it does not move. By dint of perseverance the reader may learn from Mr. Hoskins's solemn details something of the material reality of Southern travel:—the aroma, the poetry of the land, the soul to appreciate and interpret its form and aspects, he must himself supply. Mr. Hoskins saw a great part of Spain,—but he has scarcely added a single picture to our gallery of recollections. The following account of life in Murcia, one of the least known provinces in that country, is about the best passage in his book.

"The streets of Murcia are very narrow, but the Plateria is flagged the whole length, and is regularly built and straight. The effect is very picturesque of the gay shops, the lofty houses almost meeting, and every window with its balcony. The Calle Mayor is also a good street, but the most picturesque point is near the bridge, where the view is charming of the winding river, the beautiful little promenade of the Glorieta on its banks, the quay, and on the other side the fine range of mountains, and the church of the Carmen and the promenade della Florida Blanca, so called from a statue of the Marquis of that name, who from a low rank raised himself by his talents to the post of Minister to Charles III.; and six years ago this statue was erected to the only great man this Duneciad state ever produced. Travellers may well pay homage to his memory, as, amongst other obligations, Spain is indebted to him for her best roads and most commodious public conveyances. The willows in the garden are pretty, and it abounds in seats. It happened, fortunately for us to be Good Friday; and the Murcians excelling all other Spaniards in their fondness for processions, we had an opportunity of seeing the best which is exhibited in the year. At ten o'clock all Murcia was in the streets; crowds of well-dressed, pretty women, many of them tall and stout,—and the mantilla, so becoming to all, giving additional charms to those even who did not require its assistance; and still greater numbers of gentlemen—an indifferent, heavy-looking set—all wrapped up in their mantles this hot day, as if it had been the depth of winter. The people, however, interested me most: the women wore gay handkerchiefs, and gowns of every variety of colour, reaching to very little below their knees; and the men were wrapped up in their blankets of many colours, chiefly red and yellow, with a deep gay fringe of tassels. Their white kilts were somewhat similar, but not so full, as those worn by the Albanians, and their cotton leggings, rude sandals, and often gay handkerchiefs on their heads were very striking. Dressed in

these costumes, and with features frequently as swarthy as an Egyptian's, one can conceive nothing in Europe more like the Moors, and the palm trees and latticed windows increased the delusion. The groups they formed were highly picturesque, and not less so were the crowds of beggars with garments scarcely hanging together. For miles round the people have flocked into Murcia to see the great annual function, and truly, for a sight-loving people, it must have been a glorious treat. The procession was headed by a company of soldiers marching in order, and then a number of children dressed in like robes, with high pointed caps on their heads, as long as themselves, and jingling bells; these they called Nazarenes, and certainly some who could hardly walk were Nazarenes 'in whom there could be no guile.' Others of a larger growth followed, with rich lace ruffles and cuffs, then a band of music (though not the best in the world), playing a solemn march. Then came a great number of men in long like robes, which covered their faces, except their eyes, and reaching to their naked feet, were bound at their waists with thick ropes; these were penitents of all ranks, doomed to this penance during the past year, and certainly not a light one, for each man bore a heavy cross, and glad they seemed to rest it on the ground when the procession stopped. Then came trumpeters; afterwards a beautiful representation of the Last Supper, figures large as life, and really well executed, carried by two dozen men on a splendidly gilt litter, decorated most beautifully with a profusion of artificial flowers and gilt ears of corn. This was followed by more penitents, bearing crosses, and another band of music. Then came a representation of the scene in the garden, the three Apostles, and the Angel succouring Christ, who was splendidly dressed; this litter was also gorgeously decorated with gilding, flowers, and a real palm tree with its fruit. Then followed more than two score of penitents, bearing crosses as before, and after them a band of music, and a litter with a group representing the taking of Jesus. Judas kissing Christ, and Peter cutting off the ear of the High Priest's servant with his sword. This was carried, like all the others, by a score of men, and was splendidly adorned with flowers, and in the centre a real olive-tree. Then again came a quantity of penitents, and afterwards a representation of the flagellation, two men scourging our Saviour, and this litter was equally tastefully decorated with flowers. A body of penitents followed, and a band of music, and then a representation of Christ bearing his Cross, cleverly executed. Then an immense number of penitents, and a beautiful image of the Veronica, bearing in her hands a rich veil, on which the head of our Saviour was represented. The platform on which she was carried was most tastefully adorned with flowers, and gilt ears of corn. Then followed a great number of soldiers in armour, with spears, and they went through evolutions, as of spearing, in time to a band, which accompanied them. Afterwards appeared the Crucifixion, nailing Christ to a Cross which lay on the litter, and this was also equally gorgeously and tastefully decorated with flowers, and gold and silver lamps. Then there was a procession of priests, and a few gentlemen, followed by above one hundred penitents, two abreast, as before; and an exquisite image of the Virgin, with her litter most tastefully adorned with flowers and lamps. When this representation appeared, all bowed, and many flung themselves on their knees, and every hat was doffed. Being engaged in observing minutely the figure of the Virgin, I did not for two or three minutes conform to this custom; but the murmurs of the bigoted crowd, and the dangerously savage looks of some of the penitents, who from the similarity of their dresses, covered faces, and great numbers, might without any fear of detection have inflicted summary punishment on me, very soon brought me to order, and made me more mindful for the future of the greater homage that is paid in Spain to the image of the Madonna than to the representations of our Saviour. A crowd of penitents, and another company of soldiers marching in order, closed a procession which certainly excelled anything I ever saw in Rome, though I have frequently seen the functions of the Holy Week, and also the funerals of two Popes. The figures were all, as I have said, as large as life, very well executed and painted, and the

decorations of flowers really exquisite. The litters reminded me rather of the splendid religious procession on the walls of Medeenet Abou, at Thebes, and the general effect of the procession, of the admiring crowd, and of the solemn music, was very imposing, especially when on the appearance of the Virgin every head or knee was bent. But what a subject to make a show of! I must say, the expressions, 'How pretty!' 'How beautiful!' which I heard around me, grated harshly on my ear. How dreadful to think, that in a city of only thirty-five thousand inhabitants, fifteen hundred men (such I am informed was the number), many of them of respectable station, should be found to submit to the penance of carrying a heavy cross for several hours, walking on their bare feet over rough pavements. In the evening there was another procession by torchlight, which may be said to be a continuation of the other. First came a number of persons, many of them gentlemen, walking two abreast, bearing torches, accompanied by a number of ragged urchins, picking up the wax falling from their lights on the pavement. As this wax is considered to have marvellous properties, and sells often at a very high price, it is a little fortune to them. After these a representation of our Saviour lying in the Tomb, which was gorgeously gilt and decorated, and accompanied with muffled drums. Then followed a representation of Mary. Afterwards another, of Mary returning from the Tomb, still more beautiful; the litters were splendidly decorated with flowers and gilding, and illuminated with beautiful lamps. Then came three priests gorgeously dressed, and gentlemen carrying lights. Afterwards the Captain-General, the governor of the province, a fine military-looking man, attended by a brilliant staff. A good band followed, and a regiment of foot soldiers. Afterwards a regiment of cavalry, with their commander at their head. The effect of this procession was finer than the other, being by torchlight. I saw it from a balcony in the long straight street of the Plateria, which was crowded to excess; and as every window in a house has its balcony, and they were all filled, the effect was very imposing. I walked in the street and observed many pretty faces on the balconies of the first floors, which were reserved for ladies only. A French silversmith and watchmaker, whose house we were in, and who had every window full of his best customers, said it was not etiquette to go where the ladies were, and talk to them, but as a stranger, I might go, under pretence of seeing Mrs H.—. I availed myself of the permission, and found several pretty and lively women, who so far from being offended at my presence, overwhelmed me with their civilities and questions about England. The Murcians have the reputation of being a stupid race, and apparently they deserve this character. The Frenchman said, 'I am but a watchmaker, but at the casino, on every point of history or common topic of information, I find myself an oracle compared to the Murcian nobles and gentlemen.' They live in wretchedly furnished houses, and on a very poor, starving diet; but then they dress well and appear gay on the promenades, and that is their idea of happiness. Our companions, MM. L— and B—, ascertained that their grand display of silks and satins and rich lace mantillas was merely outside show, and that most of the ladies debarred themselves of even the comfort of wearing chemises; and being curious on the subject, they examined the bundles of clothes washing in the streams, and declared such luxuries were never to be seen, reminding me of the ladies described by Goldsmith in one of his letters, who would have a train, though they wanted a petticoat."

Intending tourists in Spain may profitably turn over some pages of Mr. Hoskins's volume—especially if they be curious about pictures, to which he devotes a good measure of not very lofty or intelligible criticism—for dry facts, catalogues of canvas, and other formal matter; but we would not recommend any one to encumber his or her portmanteau with volumes which have all the dullness of guide-book without the compensating merit of entire exactness.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Sentiments and Similes of William Shakespeare. By Henry Noel Humphreys.—This is the first of those embellished books by which for some years past the Messrs. Longman have sought to illustrate the Christmas season,—and warns us, somewhat suddenly, to look forward to that coming time ere yet its shadow has fallen on the brilliant lights of this memorable year. In a book whose leading feature is awfully illustration, it were hypercritical to go in search of reason of another kind,—and certainly the reason of this publication scarcely escapes beyond its golden borders. Though it is quite true that the sentiments and similes of Shakespeare deserve to be inclosed, as they here are, in golden frames, yet it is equally certain that they do not need it. Mr. Humphreys has taken him to the supererogatory task which Shakespeare himself characterizes as gilding refined gold. A collection of the good things in Shakespeare contained within a bulk like this can be only a *selection*, very arbitrarily made:—for a selection swells into a godly collection ere we can have completed almost any particular category. This book then, is to be regarded as a book for the drawing-room table,—and the text as a plea for ornamentation. The appearance of the pages is rich and elegant. The letter-press runs everywhere within threads of gold,—a broad enriched golden band forming the outer margin. The large initial letters are carved, as it were, out of golden blocks, —and the blank spaces of the pages are filled in with golden scrolls. The volume would have made a fitting gift for Miss Kilmansegg on her bridal day. The first page—to which the new species of embellishment has been confined—is a marvel of lithochromic art. "An unlimited number of separate printings," says Mr. Humphreys, "have been employed with the desire to make it one of the most perfect works of an artistic character ever produced by mere mechanical means."—"In order," he says further, "that my jewel case might be appropriate, I have adopted the style of decorative art which prevailed in the Shakspearian age; that peculiar phase of Art with which Shakespeare himself sympathized, and in which he might have caused the work of a favourite author to be illuminated for his own book-room at Stratford." The deep rich carvings, as they almost seem—ebony-black—of the binding are raised and defined upon a ground of ribbed gold,—and inclose on the one side a medallion head of Shakespeare, and on the other his cipher and scroll—both having the appearance of brown terra-cottas. To look at the book, raises thoughts of California or of Australia:—to read it, suggests a gold which makes all other gold forgotten.

Fly-fishing in Salt and Fresh Water, with Six Plates.—It has often amused us in turning over the pages of our angling literature to find the followers of this senseless sport—at once so cruel and so passionless,—affecting religious scruples, and contending for what has been called a "bitter" observance of the Sabbath. The author of the book now before us furnishes another instance of this curious cant—blended with a forgetfulness of numerical logic which is more likely to find favour with Isaac Walton than with Cocker. "The author has fished on three hundred and sixty-five days in the year," he cries out with enthusiasm in thinking of the amenities of rod and line, the exciting struggles of the victim:—but suddenly remembering that the orthodox may be alarmed at such uncompromising devotion to his humane sport, he adds—"excepting of course on Sundays":—by which means he extends the Gregorian year to four hundred and seventeen days. This is just the sort of logic which would be expected from a man who, by his own account, occupies his days in fishing and his evenings in dining on the spoils.

The Question of Unreciprocated Foreign Copyright in Great Britain.—A report of the speeches and proceedings of Mr. Bohn's meeting in the Hanover Square Rooms in July:—a summary of which we gave at the time, with our own opinions thereon.

Medical Combinations against Life Assurance Companies.—It appears from this pamphlet that certain members of the medical profession have

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combined into a society having for its object to compel the insurance companies to pay fees for the answers sent to their inquiries:—and the paper undertakes to prove that in making such a demand the profession place themselves in a wrong position. The argument seems to be fairly stated as between the parties,—but the conclusion is drawn with great severity in favour of the offices.

Fraser's Travelling Map of Ireland.—The new features which distinguish this from many other maps of Ireland appear on a careful inspection to be these:—the distance between town and town is marked, German fashion, on the connecting line; the insertion of the main and cross roads between towns, villages and railway-stations; the abolition of shading for high lands, instead of which the position and elevation of the principal hills and mountain ranges are marked in figures; and a more than usually careful delineation of the lakes, rivers, headlands, bays and promontories. In the copy sent to us part of the map is turned upside down,—but this is, of course, merely an error in mounting.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Attachment (The) or, Sam Slick in England, new edit. 1 vol. 2s. cl. Baker (T.) Practice of Statistics and Dynamics, 12mo. 1s. (Wales). Harry Cornwall's English Songs, and Other Small Poems, 2s. ed. Burritt's (E.) Peace Papers for the People, "Foster's Spanish Literature," &c. Clark's (G.) Outline History of the English Language, 2 vols. cl. Cummins' (Rev. J.) God in History, 4th edit. enlarged, 2s. ed. cl. Euripides' Ion, with Notes by C. Baldwin, M.A. 8vo. 2s. cl. Female Examples, selected from Holy Scripture, 12mo. 1s. cl. Florence, Sackville, or, Self-Denunciation, by Mrs. Bury, 31s. 6d. Fox's (P. J.) Life of Jesus, 18mo. 1s. cl. Grey's (P. H.) Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, post 8vo. 14s. cl. Grey's (Dr. R.) Memoria Technica, new edit. corrected, 4s. 6d. bds. Hepburn's (J.) Memoirs and Adventures, by J. Grant, cr. post 8vo. 8s. Heron's (S. R. Bart.) Notes, 2nd edit. 8vo. 1s. cl. Hill (R. H.) My Father's Ship, new edit. 18mo. 1s. cl. House of Sodini, 2d edit. enlarged, 1s. 6s. cl. Hubert's (Rev. H. S. M.) England's Towers, 12mo. 5s. cl. Invalid's Companion; or, Words of Comfort for the Afflicted, 2s. ed. Jermy's (E.) Poetry for Youth and Childhood, 2 vols. 7s. cl. Kirk's (W. H.) History of the English Poets, 2 vols. 2s. 6d. cl. Lardner's (Dr.) The Steam-Engine, 4c. 5th edit. cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl. Latham's (R. G.) Handbook of English Languages, cr. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Livingstone's (The) A Story of Real Life, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d. MacFarlane's (C.) History of British India, 12mo. 7s. cl. Margaret, a Novel, by Mrs. H. B. 12mo. 1s. cl. Martini's (L.) Practical Grammar of the Italian Language, 12mo. 2s. cl. Maurice's (Rev. K.) Key to the Exercises, 12mo. 1s. cl. Maurice (F. D. M.) On the Old Testament, sm. 8vo. cl. Pappenheim's (The), A Novel, edited by Capt. Ashton, 31s. 6d. cl. Park's (M. M.) Tales of the Poor, 2 vols. 2s. 6d. cl. Parson Lib. (Vol. I.) The Two Friends by Matthew Oxford, 1s. Pleasant Stories and Amusements for Young Folks, sq. 8vo. 2s. 6d. Railway Library, "M'Intosh's Grace and Isabel," 1s. bds. Richardson's (R.) History of Milburn, 12mo. 1s. Robinson's (J.) Works with Masonry, 2 vols. 1s. cl. Shakespeare's Dramatic Works, by W. Hazlitt, Vol. 4. 7s. 6d. 2s. 6d. Simmonds's Sir J. Franklin and Arctic Regions, with Maps, 2s. 6d. Statutes (The) at Large, Vol. 30. Post 8vo. 2s. 14 & 15 Vict. 4to. 27s. 6d. Stewart's (Sir G.) Voyage to the Arctic Regions, 12mo. 1s. cl. Stockland's (Miss J.) Christian Endurance, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. gilt. Trench (R. C.) On the Study of Words, fc. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl. Veale's (W.J.) The Clipped Jewel, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. Webster's (N.) English Dictionary, revised by Goodrich, 4to. 31s. 6d. Whately's (R.) Kingdom of Christ Delineated, 5th edit. revised, 8s. Zott's Metastasio, revised by Comeleti, new edit. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

THE ARCTIC EXPEDITIONS.

Mr. Kane, the surgeon to the American searching Expedition, has addressed a letter to Mr. Grinnell, of New York, which is highly interesting, as giving the opinion of a competent observer in regard to the question of Sir John Franklin's position,—and makes a valuable addition to that consent of view which renders the conduct of Capt. Austin more and more inexplicable day by day, and on every ground. After referring to the reasons why *prima facie* the lost Expedition should have been sought by the Wellington Channel, Mr. Kane proceeds to give his own conclusions arising out of the actual fruits of the search in that direction.—

Our own observation [he says] as well as all the information which we have derived from other sources makes it seem an almost unvarying fact, that the ice holds much longer in those parts of the Sound which are to the west and the south of Wellington Channel than in the channel itself. I should think it quite safe to say that, under ordinary circumstances, the navigation, though obstructed and difficult, would be practicable some weeks earlier by the northern than the western routes. It seemed to me, too, very nearly demonstrable from ascertained facts that the earlier *leads* occur on the eastern side of Wellington Channel. The currents from the Pole toward the Equator are modified, of course, by the rotary movement of the earth, and our own experience during our long drift down the western shore of Baffin's Bay confirmed the representations of all the whalers we met, that in the first months of the season the greater masses of Polar ice track their way along the western coasts, leaving the eastern comparatively free. The position of Franklin's party in the winter of 1843–6 has now been definitely ascertained. It was in the Cove between Cape Riley and the so-called Beechey Island, which is, in fact, a peninsula, forming the south-eastern Cape of Wellington Channel. His encampment occupied the narrow strip of low land between Lancaster Sound and this channel,

and commanded a full view of the ice-clad waters of both. The traces of his parties continued northwardly. We even discovered the unmistakable marks of sledges extending toward the north. These were, in one place, well defined on the shingle limestone, and, further on, in the hardened snow of former years. There can be no doubt, then, either that Sir John did in fact proceed north from his first wintering ground, or that, at least, he made observations in that direction to a considerable and we do not know how great a distance. * * Whether Sir John Franklin had penetrated to the southward and westward before making harbour at this point is a question of minor importance. We know that he wintered near the Great Channel, and, from what all the world knows of the character of Sir John, it is not in the slightest degree probable that he would rest at Beechey after the ice had opened along the eastern shores of Wellington Inlet, in the mere hope of being able to penetrate to south and west at some later period. If the ice did become detached he would avail himself of the earliest leads even if he was resolved to return on his track when the season should be more advanced, in order then to push his way toward Cape Walker. He certainly did leave his quarters early in 1846, and there are some marks which might support the idea that he did so somewhat hastily, as if availing himself of an unexpected pathway. If there are no traces of him in the direction of Cape Walker, as there are none of later date than 1843–6 in the neighbourhood of Beechey, the inference seems to me irresistible that he passed northward by Wellington Channel, and that he did not return. He might not be able to do so, without having encountered any fatal accident. We were ourselves, as you know, caught nearly opposite poor Franklin's first sojourn, and borne northward in the ice for fifteen days, directly against the theoretical currents, and with great rapidity. We saw at this time high and dome-like ranges of land trending north-westwardly a-head of us, in the latitude of 76° at least, and probably much further. The axis of polar drift must then be more or less from the north-west, and must have its seats of greatest ice accumulation along the northern coast of what we call Cornwallis's Island. Into the region north and west of this, which for ought we know may be open always, and which must be open sometimes, as we know a continuance of our drift for a few days longer could have carried the American squadron; and it is not difficult to imagine that Sir John, if caught in the ice of Wellington Channel, may have been impelled by a like cause in the same direction, as certainly if he was not so caught he would follow the open water. I should say that he is now to be sought for north and west of Cornwallis's Island.—As to the chance of the destruction of his party by the casualties of ice, the return of our own party, after something more than the usual share of them, is the only fact that I can add to what we knew when we set out. The hazards from cold and privation of food may be almost looked upon as subordinate. The snow, but, the fire and light from the moss lamp fed with blubber, the seal, the whale, the white whale, would sustain vigorous life. The stories of migratory birds, and the abundance of permanent quarters, is more rare in the depths of a polar winter than in the milder weather of the moist summer, and our two little vessels encountered both seasons without losing a man.

The following is from an old and well-informed correspondent of our own.—

The return of the various Expeditions despatched in search of Sir John Franklin, without obtaining any clue to his discovery, has naturally excited much painful interest throughout the country, and given rise to many conflicting opinions as to the expediency of renewing the attempt to penetrate the distressing and apparently almost hopeless mystery which has so long hung over his fate. I should have been loth at this stage of the question to intrude so lengthily a communication on your columns, did I not think that notwithstanding all that has been written on it, there remain still some interesting and important aspects of the subject to be considered and discussed. Although unsuccessful in obtaining any clue to the actual position of the missing vessels, the results of the extended explorations which have been continued for so many years, have at least informed us where they are not, and so narrowed the field of conjecture within tolerably precise and definable limits. Capt. Penny's researches in particular have afforded us also the grounds of something more than a conjecture as to the probable direction taken by the party from the point where the last positive traces of them suddenly disappear at Cape Riley.

Under these circumstances there appear these two questions for us to consider.—

1. What information, from authentic sources, can be drawn together as to the nature and character of that portion of the Arctic Sea lying beyond the hitherto attained limits of our searching squadrons?

2. Assuming Sir John Franklin to be at this moment somewhere within these limits, unable, from some of the numerous casualties besetting the navigation of these seas, to extricate his ships,—what resources are we, from actual observation, or from the analogy of neighbouring and similar districts, warranted to conclude exist there for the support of human life?

A glance at the great land-locked basin forming the Arctic Ocean exhibits to us on the East or Greenland side, and for some distance along the North American shore, an Archipelago of ice-encumbered islands of unknown extent, but generally supposed to lead to an extensive open sea to the westward—possibly surrounding the Pole—but at any rate comparatively free from ice along an immense circumference of coast actually explored by MM. Von Wrangel and Van Arson on the Asiatic side, and by Sir John Franklin himself, Mssrs. Dease and Simpson, Kellet, and others, on the side of America. The explorations of the Expedition under Baron Wrangel's command were continued at different points over an extent of nearly 50 degrees of longitude along the Siberian coast from Behring's Straits; and it is

an interesting fact that from whatever point of the coast their departure was taken, the result appears invariably to have been the same:—after an ice-journey of more or less continuance, they arrived where further progress was impossible; where, to use the words of M. Von Wrangel, we beheld the wide immeasurable ocean spread before our gaze—a fearful and magnificent but to us most melancholy spectacle.*

The appearance presented to Franklin on the opposite coast of America is stated to have been very similar.

"After the middle of August," he observes, in the Narrative of his Second Journey, p. 319, "the ice was not only broken up within the sphere of our vision, but a heavy swell rolling from the northward indicated a sea unsheltered by islands, and not much encumbered by ice." The glimpses of open water obtained by Capt. Kellet beyond the barrier of islands and ice blocking up the entrance to Behring's Straits would appear also so far to favour the same view.

Whether these openings are but the opposite margins of one vast circum-polar basin of comparatively unencumbered sea (as many circumstances would lead us to infer), or whether they form a system of connected Polynes, intersected by chains of ice-encumbered islands, there can be no doubt that to the northward of Parry's Archipelago a large space of comparatively open water does somewhere exist, and as little doubt that a man of Franklin's temperament, succeeding in entering, or imagining that he had entered, a field so interesting to a veteran Arctic navigator, would push on at all hazard for the scene of Wrangel's explorations, in the confident expectation of making the long-desired passage through Behring's Straits.

It is premature to speculate on the probability of Victoria Channel affording an entrance into the great Polynes of Wrangel; but the fact of a strong current observed as setting down through the Wellington Channel,—the existence of considerable quantities of drift wood, never found in a similar condition in Lancaster Sound, but answering very closely to the description of that found by M. Von Arson on the New Siberian Islands,—the sensible amelioration of the climate, and the improved character of the vegetation with the progress northward, inexplicable under any other hypothesis,—are all strong presumptive evidences of a concession of some nature existing between them. Under any view of the case, however, it can no longer be a question that Franklin has passed up this strait, and in all probability penetrated so far to the westward as to be beyond the reach of any means of rescue that we have hitherto been able to apply.

The important inquiry arises, therefore,—In what manner could so large a party have found the means of subsistence for so long a period without assistance from England? It would be folly to dogmatize on a subject over which much uncertainty must necessarily hang, and perhaps illusory to expect that the whole party can be still in life; but to infer from the calculated duration of the stores provided to them on leaving this country that by this time they must all necessarily have perished, and thereon to base the unanimous counsel of abandoning all further concern in their fate, I hesitate not to say, a conclusion wholly unwarranted by our experience of the resources of these Arctic latitudes, scanty and precarious as they undoubtedly are. Let us not forget that the existence which our missing friends may now be supposed to be leading in the unknown recesses of the Arctic Seas involves after all, and at the worst, hardly any greater danger or privation—perhaps even less—than that of the many hundreds of their fellow-countrymen scattered over the famishing territories of the Hudson's Bay Company. Agriculture may be said to be here wholly unknown, except in the extreme southern provinces; and a particle of English imported provisions has not entered the country perhaps within the memory of man. The only means of subsistence, in fact, over thousands of miles of barren territory bordering on the Polar Sea and Hudson's Bay are the unaided natural resources of the district:—such resources as Franklin's party have certainly the same means, and may well be supposed to have the same opportunities, of turning to account under their present circumstances, whatever they may be. In all essential respects the climate and natural productions of the Arctic Islands are pretty much the same with those of the neighbouring mainland. On the whole, I should say, indeed, the balance is in favour of the former,—as there is here an abundant supply of marine life to fall back upon when other means of subsistence have failed. One of the last winters I passed in the Hudson's Bay territories was on the borders of the Arctic Sea, near the mouth of M'Kenzie's River; where, from our fisheries alone, we found no difficulty in maintaining a large party

* It should be observed that Baron Wrangel's was a *land* expedition, totally unprovided with boats or other means for navigating the open water, by which their progress was constantly arrested on leaving the coast.

+ One or two of these may be mentioned. The most remarkable, perhaps, is, the sudden and extraordinary amelioration of the climate observed in the country westward of M'Kenzie's River, due doubtless to the mollifying influences of a constantly open sea to the northward. The dense fog continually hanging over the coast, which struck Franklin himself so forcibly while travelling here, from the contrast they presented to the clear open sky to the eastward of the Coppermine, must be regarded as an additional corroboration of the view here taken. A similar phenomenon was observed by Baron Wrangel. Whenever the wind blew from the sea, he remarks, "that it was so saturated with wet as frequently to damp their clothes."

† There is an interesting coincidence between the account given by Capt. Penny of the open sea which he found to the westward, and a statement made by one of our old navigators—Davis; but, in the usual spirit of the time in which he lived, disbelieved. He relates that "in lat. 75° [within a few miles of the permanent open water as laid down in the Admiralty Chart of Capt. Penny's discoveries], he suddenly fell upon 'a great sea, free from ice, large, very salt, blue, and of an unspeakable depth.'

3

of Europeans and natives whom the novelty of the event had attracted around us. Here, again, is a list of the quantities of game obtained from a few hunting excursions of the officers of Sir Edward Parry's Expedition at Melville Island, which may be taken as a half-way station between the coasts of America and of Asia :—

3 Musk Oxen,	24 Deer,
68 Hares,	53 Geese,
144 Ptarmigans,	59 Ducks:

—no mean indication, surely, of the resources of a region not generally supposed to be utterly destitute of animal life.

On the resources of the northern shores of Siberia we have, unfortunately, very scanty materials for forming an accurate judgment. From the scattered notices occurring under this head in the valuable work of Professor Baer, of St. Petersburg,—*Beiträge zur Kenntnis des Russischen Reiches*,—drawn chiefly from official sources,—sufficient information may, however, be gathered to warrant us in inferring that they are little, if at all, inferior to those of the corresponding Arctic coast of America. This much at least we know, that every summer sends forth parties of adventurous explorers from Siberia,—maintaining themselves as only they can maintain themselves in these latitudes, by hunting and fishing,—for the purpose of working the rich mines of fossil ivory found in such abundance in the neighbouring islands, which have been described as one vast deposit of the remains of the mammoth.

I have taken no account, in the view of the question which I have so far endeavoured to present, of the marine and other forms of animal life available, as a last resort, and found in greater or less abundance, so far as we know, over the entire area of the Polar Seas. Considered as supplementary to other means of supporting, or prolonging life if needful, they must obviously form a very important element in any reasoning on the subject before us. The enumeration and description of the Mammalia, and some species of birds and fishes met with by Sir Edward Parry within the Arctic circle, during the years 1819-20, fill half of a good sized quarto volume, in the Appendix to his "Narrative." I need not occupy your space with any account of them, as they are sufficiently familiar to most persons, and may be readily referred to here. It is sufficient to observe, that a large proportion of them are available for subsistence, —and actually do form the ordinary and everyday food of the native Esquimaux. Without trespassing further on your space, I shall leave these facts to speak for themselves; and trust they will be useful in assisting us to a right conclusion on the deeply-interesting and important question in which the lives of so many of our devoted countrymen are involved,—and not less our own national good-feeling, humanity, and honour.—I am, &c. A. K. ISBISTER.

In the face of so large an amount of encouraging argument, it of course gives us great pleasure to know that the Admiralty have decided on renewing the search for Sir John Franklin and his party in the ensuing spring. This decision may be regarded as an official judgment on the propriety of Capt. Austin's premature return. If the Admiralty were of opinion that Capt. Austin's Expedition had thoroughly covered the field of search, they would not send out a fresh Expedition to do the work over again:—and, on the other hand, if the work has not been done, it is quite clear that Capt. Austin should have remained on the ground to do it. The Admiralty are well aware of the painful fact that the duty which lay clear before the eyes of the Expedition has been neglected; and we sincerely trust that the councils which are to deliberate next week on the plans of search will take precautions for securing the effective working of future Expeditions.

The history of the searching Expeditions leads us to believe that too much latitude has been given to the commanders. In the case of Sir James Ross's Expedition, it does not appear that his instructions rendered the search of Wellington Channel at all imperative. This is the more extraordinary, when it is remembered that Sir John Franklin was especially desired in his instructions to turn his attention to that channel, as likely to offer a practicable passage to the north-west. In Sir James Ross's instructions Wellington Channel is only once alluded to,—and then in these ambiguous terms:—"Should your early arrival in Barrow's Straits, or the fortunately protracted prolixity of the season, admit of your at once extending a similar examination (for notices) to the shores of Wellington Channel, it will leave you at greater liberty to devote yourself more fully afterwards to your researches to the westward." Thus, a secondary importance is here attached to the very route which Sir John Franklin was counselled to follow in case of not finding that by Cape Walker practicable.

This want of judgment is doubly vexatious when it is considered that a party from Sir James Ross's ship was at one time within a few miles of Cape Riley, where traces of Sir John Franklin have now been found. Had that party struck those traces—

which would undoubtedly have been the case had positive orders been issued to search Wellington Channel—three years of anxiety might have been avoided, and it is probable that the fate of our missing mariners would at this day be no longer a problem.

The wealth of Arctic experience and information at the command of the Admiralty is such, that instructions should be drawn up for the conduct of the commander of any future searching Expedition which shall guide him throughout his sojourn in the Arctic regions,—not again leaving it to his discretion to withdraw his ships from unexplored ground long before the appointed time for their return has arrived. If it be the opinion of a well-selected and comprehensive council of Arctic authorities,—which we trust will include Capt. Penny,—that Wellington Channel and its continuation should be searched, let specific and binding instructions to that effect be delivered. We know well that any naval man accepting a command under the Admiralty has too high a sense of the majesty of discipline to attempt to act contrary to his orders when they are specifically and clearly given.

ASSYRIAN ANTIQUITIES.

Claymore, Enfield.

In my letter which appeared in your paper of the 20th of September, I called attention to the calculations of Oltmann and Baily with regard to the date of the famous eclipse of Thales, determined by both those astronomers to be that of the year B.C. 610. And I ventured to surmise, partly from some remarks made by Mr. Baily, partly from the obvious necessity of lowering the latitude of the generally assumed locality of the battle between the Lydians and Medes during which the eclipse took place, that the historical date of that event, B.C. 555, would ultimately prove to be the true one.

I am since informed, by the kindness of Prof. Airy, the Astronomer Royal, that the reduction of the Greenwich lunar observations from 1750 to 1830, made under his care, "show as a fact of observation, that the tabular motion of the moon's node is erroneous by more than a minute of arc in a century; and that probably in the time of Thales the place of the moon's node differed twenty-seven minutes from that used by Baily, which would make a difference of 200 miles or more, according to the tables used by that astronomer, on the line of the shadow's path, sometimes throwing it to the North, sometimes to the South, according as the eclipse happened in the ascending or descending node." From the previous observations of astronomers it may be proved, that the total shadow of the eclipse of B.C. 610 will, by Mr. Airy's discoveries, be thrown further North, and therefore entirely out of Asia Minor. Mr. Airy's valuable tables of corrections of the elements of the moon's orbit, published in 1848, will I trust ere long lead to a decision of that most important question in chronology, which of the other eclipses about that period is the eclipse which was predicted by the Grecian philosopher?

Pending the solution of this interesting question, I submit for consideration a chronological table of the times of the destruction of Nineveh, framed in accordance with the historical date of the eclipse, and in strict conformity with the evidence of the earliest historians who have written of those times. It may be thought interesting as showing the bearing of the eclipse of Thales on the chronology of the times. It is my sanguine expectation, also, that it will prove to be the true explanation of the chronology of the period of the capture of the great city of the Assyrian empire.

The confusion of titles and contradictions of authority under the present arrangement of dates must I am sure be unsatisfactory to every one who has examined into the subject. The very learned work of Mr. Clinton and Hale's "Chronology" afford ample proof of this assertion. Without dwelling on the anachronisms and contradictions to which I allude, which would lead me into too great a length, I will at once state the grounds of the arrangement which I propose. And first, let us

accurately define the dates of the two reigns of Nabopolassar and Nebuchadnezzar his son.

We have already ascertained, on the authority of Demetrius, as shown in my letter which appeared in your paper of the 13th of September, that the sixth year of the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah, was the year B.C. 695. Hezekiah reigned 23 years after that time; Manasseh 55 years; Amos 2 years; Josiah 32 years, including Jehohaz; Jehoiakim 11 years; Jechoniah 1 year; and Zedekiah 11 years: making together 135 years.—Jerusalem was destroyed by Nebuchadnezzar in the eleventh year of Zedekiah, and deducting 135 years from 695, leaves the year B.C. 560 as that of the Destruction of Jerusalem. Now, Demetrius records that from the time when the two tribes were carried away captive from Jerusalem to the reign of the fourth Ptolemy—viz., Philopator—was exactly 338 years and 3 months—that is, 338 years 3 months + B.C. 221 years 2 months = 559 years 5 months = August, B.C. 560. The precision of this date is very remarkable, and I submit should not be lightly disregarded.

But Jerusalem was destroyed in the nineteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar, 2 Kings, xxv. 8. So that, we thus define the nineteenth year of Nebuchadnezzar to be B.C. 560 and his first year, therefore, B.C. 578.

Let us now fix the date of the reign of Nabopolassar, who was father to Nebuchadnezzar. For, Col. Rawlinson states, "I have examined the bricks, *in situ*, belonging perhaps to one hundred different towns and cities" (in Babylonia)—"and I never found any other legend than Nebuchadnezzar, son of Nabopolassar."—Journal of Asiatic Society, Vol. xii. Part 2. Fortunately, the date of this reign is fixed with astronomical precision. For, in the Almagest of Ptolemy, ch. V. 14, there is mention made of an eclipse of the moon, observed at Babylon, in the fifth year of the reign of Nabopolassar, in the 127th year of the era of Nabonassar, with the exact day and hour of the event. This eclipse happened in the year B.C. 621, so that the first year of Nabopolassar must have been B.C. 625; and, allowing twenty years for his reign at Nineveh, according to Polyhistor, his last year was B.C. 606.

We find, then, that an interval of twenty-eight years elapsed between the last year of Nabopolassar on the throne of Nineveh and the first year of Nebuchadnezzar B.C. 578 as king of Babylon. It is the discovery of this interval which enables us, I submit, to reconcile the apparently conflicting accounts of the several histories of this period.

Polyhistor informs us that Nabopolassar was Sardanapalus. Whether he really bore this title, or whether it has been erroneously given to him as the king who was ejected from the great palace of Sardanapalus, we have the authority of Polyhistor for the fact that Nabopolassar was so called, and, therefore, that he considered him as the last of the Assyrian kings of Nineveh. For, according to all history, a king commonly called Sardanapalus was the last of the Assyrian dynasty. Herodotus, Ctesias, and Diodorus all testify that the Medes subverted the throne of Nineveh;—and Herodotus adds, with great exactness, that when Cyaxares, the king of Media, had overthrown that king of Assyria who slew his father Phraortes (the Arphaxad of the Book of Judith), he himself was immediately overthrown by a sudden irruption of Scythians, who possessed themselves of the empire of Asia for twenty-eight years. Cyaxares therefore conquered Nabopolassar (the Nebuchadnezzar of the Book of Judith who slew Arphaxad) in the year B.C. 606, the last year of the reign of Nabopolassar in Nineveh. From thence we must count the twenty-eight years of Scythian domination, which must also have terminated when the father of Nebuchadnezzar "obtained the daughter of Astyages the prince of the Medes to be affianced to his son" (called Nabuchadrossorus), "and marched straightways to surprise the city of Nineveh, that is Nineveh. When Saracus the king was apprised of these proceedings he burned the royal palace, and Nabuchadrossorus succeeded to the empire, and surrounded Babylon with a strong wall." See Abydenus, Cory's Fragments, p. 64. Who can doubt that these twenty-eight years of Scythian domination form the interval of twenty-eight years

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above pointed out between the twentieth year of Nabopalassar and the beginning of the reign of Nebuchadnezzar in Babylon?

That some interval elapsed between the fall of the king called Sardanapalus and the final overthrow of Nineveh, is confirmed by Abydenus and Castor the Rhodian chronologist. Abydenus writes:—"after him (Sardanapalus), Saracus reigned over the Assyrians." Castor writes:—"Ninus obtained the empire after Sardanapalus." Cory's Fragments, p. 65. He is in error, however, as to the name of the king—copying probably from some history which relates the fall of the city of Ninus, i.e. Nineveh.

Saracus then was the Scythian king. And now we can comprehend, without charging the historians with contradiction of each other, how, as Polyhistor relates, Sardanapalus (Nabopalassar) formed an alliance with the Medes for his son Nabuchodrossorus, who then began to reign; and how, as Abydenus relates, Saracus succeeded Sardanapalus, and yet how the father of Nebuchadnezzar conquered that Saracus; and how again, as Berossus relates, Nebuchadnezzar succeeded his father Nabopalassar after the latter had reigned twenty-nine years. Polyhistor says, that he reigned twenty years in Nineveh. He also in another place gives him twenty-one years, which I take to be the length of his reign in Babylon. Saracus, it appears from Abydenus, replaced him in power at Babylon, on hearing that a great multitude from the sea coast was coming to attack him; and thus, it is not unreasonable to assume that he added eight more years to his reign over that city. That he was so replaced, and for about so many years, we may infer from Herodotus; who, in the year of the eclipse, B.C. 585, seven years before the accession of his son, speaks of him as "Labyntetus of Babylon," and as negotiating a treaty of peace between the Lydians and Medes in conjunction with the king of Cilicia. He was then ruler or king of Babylon seven or eight years before Nebuchadnezzar began to reign.

Thus, the accounts of Herodotus, Ctesias, Berossus, Polyhistor, Abydenus, Demetrius, Castor, and Diodorus mutually confirm and strengthen each other. They are also in harmony with the contemporary writer of the Book of Tobit, who affirms that Nineveh was captured by Nabuchodonosor and Ahasuerus; that is, by an alliance of Medes and Babylonians under Nabopalassar and Cyaxares.

And now, let us observe how the chronology, thus adjusted, harmonizes with the historical date of the eclipse of Thales,—and how completely it was at variance with the assumed date of that event, B.C. 610.

The war between Alyattes, king of Lydia, and Cyaxares, king of Media, which arose out of a dispute concerning certain Scythian fugitives, could not have taken place till after "the Scythians had found their way into Asia and arrived at the territories of the Medes,"—Herodotus, i. 103:—that is to say, till after the year B.C. 606 in our arrangement. Nor could it have taken place later than the expiration of the twenty-eight years of Scythian rule, because Nineveh was finally destroyed after the close of that war,—Herodotus, i. 106,—that is, before B.C. 579. Between these dates, therefore, we look for the war marked by the eclipse in the sixth year. And, accordingly, Eudemos, Pliny, Cicero, and Solinus, without any contradiction, all point to the year B.C. 585 as the date of the eclipse. Diogenes Laertius also remarks, that Anacharsis, a Scythian prince and philosopher, visited Athens in the 47th Olympiad = B.C. 592, which falls within the twenty-eight years of Scythian dominion. Alyattes, king of Lydia, according to the Parian Chronicle, began to reign in the year B.C. 605, within the twenty-eight years according to our arrangement, but five years after the eclipse if placed in B.C. 610. It is unnecessary, I think, to point out in detail the entire dislocation of all these dates and records which results from placing the eclipse in that year.

The interesting question yet remains,—"How are these conclusions confirmed, or otherwise, by the inscriptions which have been recovered from the neighbourhood of Nineveh? And here, I

regret to say, we are at present left entirely in the dark. Col. Rawlinson has, indeed, with wonderful skill and perseverance, recovered the names of Shalmanezer, Sennacherib, and Esar-haddon. The names of their successors, however, at Nineveh, who reigned towards the times of which we have been treating, remain yet to be identified. According to Abydenus, Nergillus (Nergal) followed Sennacherib on the throne of Nineveh. Nergal may, like Sargon, the title

of Shalmanezer, have been another title of Esar-haddon. Adramelech appears to have succeeded Nergal; and after Adramelech came his brother Axerdis, or Achsharedis, who I take to be Sharezar. Then followed Nabopalassar, or Sardanapalus, under whom the Assyrian monarchy ceased. These titles, then, if Abydenus is to be depended on, ought to be found on the Assyrian monuments.

I inclose a Table of the Chronology.

I am, &c. J. W. BOSSANQUET.

Chronology of the Times of the Fall of Nineveh and Jerusalem.

B.C.	Judea.	Babylon.	Assyria.	Media.	Lydia.	
1	41 Manasses	17 Kiniladin	16 Axerdis, or	5 Phraortes,	36 Ardys	
630	42	18	17 Sharezar	6 or	37	
9	43	19	18	7 Arphaxad	38	
8	44	20	19	8	39	
7	45	21	20	9	40	
6	46	22	21	10	41	
5	47	1 Nabopalassar, or	1 Nabopalassar,	11	42	Nabopalassar reigns at Nineveh. Polyhistor.
4	48	2 Nebuchodonosor,	2 or Sardan-	12	43	Nebuchodonosor reigns at Nineveh. Judith.
3	49	3 or Labyntetus I.	3 apalus	13	44	Eclipse of the moon in fifth year of Nabopalassar. Almages.
2	50	4	4	14	45	
521	51	5	5	15	46	
620	52	6	6	16	47	
9	53	7	7	17	48	
8	54	8	8	18	49	
7	55	9	9	19	1 Sadyattes	
6	1 Amon	10	10	20	2	
5	2	11	11	21	3	
4	1 Josiah	12	12	22	4	Phraortes, or Arphaxad, slain. Judith.
3	2	13	13	1 Cyaxares,	5	
2	3	14	14	2 or	6	
1	4	15	15	3 Ahasuerus	7	
610	5	16	16	4	8	
9	6	17	17	5	9	
8	7	18	18	6	10	
7	8	19	19	7	11	
6	9	20	20	8	12	Nineveh taken by the Scythians, B.C. 606. Begins to reign B.C. 605.
5	10	21		9	1 Alyattes	Parian Chronicle.
4	11			10	2	
3	12			11	3	
2	13			12	4	
1	14			13	5	
600	15			14	6	
9	16			15	7	
8	17			16	8	
7	18			17	9	
6	19			18	10	
5	20			19	11	
4	21			20	12	
3	22			21	13	
2	23			22	14	
1	24			23	15	
590	25			24	16	
9	26			25	17	
8	27			26	18	
7	28			27	19	
6	29	22		28	20	
585	30	23		29	21	Eclipse of Thales. Battle between Cyaxares and Alyattes. Labynetus ruler of Babylon. Herodotus.
4	31	24		30	22	
3	32 Jehohaz	25		31	23	
2	1 Jehoiakim	26		32	24	
1	2	27		33	25	
580	3	28		34	26	Nebuchadnezzar invades Judea. Daniel, l. 1. His father yet alive. Berossus. Nineveh finally destroyed, B.C. 579.
9	4	29		35	27	by Nebuchadnezzar and Ahasuerus.
8	5	1 Naboklassar, or Nebuchadnezzar, or Labynetus II.		36	28	Tobit, xiv. 13.
7	6	2		37	29	by Cyaxares.
6	7	3		38	30	Herod. i. 106.
5	8	4		39	31	by Nabopalassar, in alliance with the Medes.
4	9	5		40	32	Polyhistor.
3	10	6		33	33	by the father of Nebuchadnezzar in alliance with the Medes.
2	11	7		34	34	Abydenus.
1	Jehoniah	8		3	35	
570	1 Zedekiah	9		4	36	
9	2	10		5	37	
8	3	11		6	38	
7	4	12		7	39	
6	5	13		8	40	
5	6	14		9	41	
4	7	15		10	42	
3	8	16		11	43	
2	9	17		12	44	
1	10	18		13	45	
560	11	19		14	46	Jerusalem destroyed 230 years 3 months before the 4th Pompey = B.C. 560. Demetrius.
9	20	21		15	47	
8				16	48	

MR. GEORGE STEPHENS.

MANY who are interested in our current dramatic literature will hear with regret of the death of Mr. George Stephens, which took place on the 15th instant. The name of the author of 'Martinuzzi'—though not a charm to secure the confidence of managers—was yet extensively known in the dramatic world, and was held by a section of it in no common estimation.

Mr. Stephens's tragedy of 'Martinuzzi', it may be remembered, was performed at the Lyceum Theatre in the year 1840, in defiance—or, we

should rather say, in evasion—of the then existing law which limited the performance of five-act dramas to the patent houses and the Haymarket. By the introduction of songs, 'Martinuzzi' was legally speaking, converted into a musical drama; and thus escaped the prohibition affecting a formal tragedy,—which, of course, it virtually remained. In many respects the work was open to exception. The plot and the motives of its agents were obscure, and the language was often abrupt and extravagant. But these faults admitted, there were features in 'Martinuzzi' which undoubtedly bespoke tragic

genius. The scheme of the principal character, with its conflict of personal honour and patriotic duty,—the queenly passion and haughtiness which throughout confront the “divided being” of the Cardinal,—and the gentle beauty of Czerina, crushed by the collision of the opposing powers in the story—belong eminently to the realms of tragic association. In Mr. Stephens’s dialogue the same intensity which at times overleaped the bounds of taste often wrought striking results within them. This intensity carried him many depths below the homely domestic form of emotion. His characters spoke as though they had a charter in passion; and if on this account their tones were sometimes wild and even grotesque, they were never wanting in expressiveness, and often attained to a force of grandeur and desolate pathos which our contemporary drama has nothing to exceed.

Besides ‘Martinuzzi,’ Mr. Stephens published ‘Montezuma,’ ‘The Vampire,’ ‘The Queen of Hungary,’ all tragedies—two volumes, printed for private circulation, entitled ‘Dramas for the Stage,’—and several novels, including ‘The Manuscript of Erdely.’ The last-named work, in addition to its imaginative qualities, displayed great erudition, and received much critical discussion at the time of its appearance.

We regret to learn that Mr. Stephens had suffered years before his death from declining health, and from unexpected reverses of fortune. These “painful passages” were, we trust, not altogether unmitigated by the sympathy of his literary brethren. Mr. Stephens had attached to him some who could recognize not only the genius whose chief defect lay in the lawlessness of its own strength, but also the simplicity, honour and warmth of nature which fitly accompanied an intellect so earnest and impassioned.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We learn by the *Court Circular* that the following honours have been given in connexion with the Great Industrial Exhibition.—Mr. Joseph Paxton, Mr. William Cubitt and Mr. Charles Fox, the designer, engineer, and contractor for the Crystal Palace, have been knighted,—and the first-named gentleman has also received a vote of 5,000*l.* from the Royal Commission, out of the surplus fund, for his admirable design. Lieut.-Col. Reid, chairman of the Executive Committee, has received promotion in the Order of the Bath, and is now a Knight-Commander of that Order. Mr. Henry Cole, Dr. Lyon Playfair, and Sir Stafford Henry Northcote—all three, civil servants of the Crown—have been made Companions of the Bath. Col. Mayne, Chief Commissioner of Police, has been made a Knight-Commander of the Bath.

The triumphant issue of the Great Exhibition has determined the Americans to make an attempt to get up a rival or supplementary Exhibition for next year in New York. The preliminaries have been already advanced so far as to enable the projectors to announce to our recent exhibitors—that a company has been formed, represented in Europe by Charles Buschek, Austrian Commissioner for the Exhibition of 1851, and in the United States by Edward Riddle, U.S. Commissioner, to whom the entire management of the design has been entrusted,—that arrangements have been made for the erection of a building, on an extensive scale, in a central situation in the City of New York, contiguous to the various railway termini, which, when completed, will be made a bonded warehouse for the period of the Exhibition,—that the goods of such persons as choose to exhibit will be conveyed from London in first-class vessels, and all charges, freight, insurance, &c., advanced, so that no outlay of money on the part of the exhibitors will be required—that the goods will be exhibited with the prices attached, and when disposed of, remittances will be promptly forwarded,—that should any goods remain unsold at the close of the Exhibition, they will be returned to the exhibitors free of all expense,—and finally that works of Art, including paintings, will be admitted.—That the Americans would be the first to imitate the example of industrial congresses was, of course, expected. The excitement, brilliance, and financial success of our

Exhibition were certain to produce a powerful impression among the worshippers of the “almighty dollar.” They labour, too, under a sense of eclipse:—not wisely or justifiably we think, for although in the early part of the summer the States failed to make that distinguished figure among the nations to which the importance of the Union in the world gave it a title, the after arrivals of the year did more than redeem their industrial character in the eyes of Europe. Their reaping machine threatens to revolutionize agriculture. Their yacht is introducing a new principle into our marine architecture. They have forced our so-called impregnable locks. Their new Atlantic steamers have outstripped the most famous of Cunard’s liners. They have introduced to our notice a new system of small signals,—and developed a new principle in furniture construction. We are not sure that any of the great powers of Europe can claim so many and such various triumphs for the year. Still, there is on the part of the Americans what the German philosopher calls a “sublime dissatisfaction” with their share in the history of the Crystal Palace,—and they are anxious to get up a new Exhibition in their own country as a means of showing to greater advantage their vast resources and multiplied industries. To this no one in Europe will object; and as the conditions which they offer are extremely liberal, perhaps some of the recent exhibitors may be tempted to send out their articles on a voyage to the New World. The confidence between man and man, nation and nation, manifested in such transfers of valuable property is one of the best features of our time.

The daily papers announce the death, in St. James’s Palace, of the Hon. Mrs. Lee—sister to the late Lord Byron, and whose name will ever be dear to the lovers of that poet’s verse for the affecting manner in which it is therein enshrined. Few readers of Byron will forget his affectionate recurrences to his sister,—made more touching from the bitterness of his memories towards all those whom he accused of contributing to the desolation of his home and the shattering of his household gods. The once familiar name met with in the common obituary of the journals will have recalled to many a one that burst of grateful tenderness with which the bard twines a laurel for his sister’s forehead which will be laid now upon her grave,—and of which the following is a leaf:

From the wreck of the past which hath perished
This much I at least may recall,
That what I most tenderly cherished
Deserved to be dearest of all.
In the desert a fountain is springing
In the wide waste there still is a tree,
And a bird in my solitude singing
Which speaks to my spirit of thee.

Numismatic science has to lament the loss of a long known, learned, and distinguished cultivator, Mr. H. P. Borrell:—who died on the 2nd inst. at Smyrna.—His numerous excellent memoirs on Greek coins, and his clever work on the coins of Cyprus, form permanent memorials of his erudition, research, and correct judgment.

The last mail from China informs us of the death of Dr. Gutzlaff, at one of the British ports in that country, on the 9th of August last, in his forty-eighth year. The decease of this distinguished Eastern scholar will be learnt with regret by those who take an interest in the progress of European civilization in China. Dr. Gutzlaff was one of the most ardent and indefatigable of the labourers in that cause; and it will be very difficult to fill up the void which his death has occasioned. He was a Pomeranian by birth; and was originally sent to Batavia, Singapore, and Siam by the Netherlands Missionary Society in 1827. He first reached China in 1831; and he appears to have spent the next two years in visiting and exploring certain portions of the Chinese coast which previously to that time had not been visited by any European,—or of which, at least, no authentic knowledge was possessed. On the death of the elder Morrison, in 1834, Dr. Gutzlaff was employed as an Interpreter by the British Superintendent; and at a subsequent period he was promoted to the office of Chinese Secretary to the British Plenipotentiary and Superintendent of Trade. That employment he held to the time of his death. Dr. Gutzlaff had

ceased to consider himself as a missionary for some years past; but he never relinquished his practice of teaching and exhorting among the Chinese communities in the midst of whom he was placed. In the course of last year he paid a visit to this country; and his appearance, conversation, and manners will not soon be forgotten by those who had the opportunity of making his acquaintance. He was a man of great energy and zeal. His activity and imagination occasionally got the better of his judgment; but he never ceased to labour for the advancement of that great and singular people who inhabit what he was in the habit of describing emphatically as “our country.”

The recent accounts from Calcutta mention the death at that place, in August last, of Mr. Drinkwater Bethune, the judicial member of the Legislative Council of Bengal. Mr. Bethune, we believe, left this country to assume his distinguished office in 1848; and he at once entered with great ardour into several schemes for improving the condition of the natives of India. He particularly distinguished himself by his labours in the cause of female native education; and through his instrumentality several extensive schools for the education of Hindoo female children have been established at Calcutta.—Mr. Bethune carried out with him those tastes for scientific and literary studies by which, in spite of the incessant calls of a laborious profession, he was honourably distinguished while at home. The course of present events is to render still closer the connexion between this country and India; but the constant occurrence of premature deaths—as in the case of Mr. Bethune—among the best and ablest of the men whom we send out to administer the affairs of that vast region, do not fail to admonish us that our Indian possessions are retained only by submission on our part to great sacrifices.

A Correspondent writes to us as follows.—“Among the many striking characters by which the Palace of Glass and the marvels therein enshrined have been distinguished, you have more than once pointed out their extraordinary reconciling power—the way in which objectors of all classes have been conciliated by their universal spell. Let me allude more particularly to a case in point.—While the Royal Commission was still open to suggestions, and by its agents courted them from all quarters,—men of the peace movement represented to them very strongly the desirability of excluding from their collection all weapons of war. There was reason in the objection, for the Exhibition was in its first idea and in its essential details a monument of the peaceful arts. But the Royal Commission felt that as weapons of war are a branch of productive industry they could not be excluded without narrowing the terms of their own proposal, without sacrificing the universality of their design to a dogma. They replied that the gatherings in Hyde Park were not made in support of any particular doctrine, however noble, but in the interests of industry;—and much to the chagrin of individual enthusiasts, these formidable instruments of death took their appointed place in the series. With what result? The disciples of peace have felt themselves consoled in finding the redoubtable swords of Narvaez and Changarnier laid up for an entire summer within the glass cases of the Crystal Palace. What sermons the monster French shell has preached—what reflections given rise to among thoughtful men, these summer months! Twenty years ago that shell, as many of our readers will remember, was a sort of marvel and terror in Europe. It was one of the “peace-makers” designed for use at Antwerp. During the siege of that city, in the war of independence, 25,000 large sized shot, 13,000 howitzer shells, and 15,000 common shells were expended. The month of December, in that climate a matter of importance, was nearly over, and the siege, which might have caused a European war, was still unfinished. The Dutch obstinately defended the last hold of a country torn from them by a popular uprising, trusting to the great strength of their citadel, every part of which was bomb-proof:—and the giant mortar, capable of throwing shells of 1,000 pounds weight, was at last brought to bear on the magazines. Nine of these shells were

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launched—one burst in the air, the other eight went to the mark. Two days after the firing of the first shell, the Dutch surrendered,—and the independence of Belgium was complete. No fortification could stand against such assailants. It is calculated that a dozen such shells would make a ruin of either Ehrenbreitstein or Cüstrin,—the strongest fortresses in the world. What world could enforce the doctrines of peace—the policy, the wisdom, the necessity of avoiding any approach to national quarrels—so eloquently at this terrible shell! Much platform oratory may be heard and forgotten, but the sight of a small round piece of iron, which, falling on the dome of St. Paul's would break through and tear the great edifice into fragments, is a thing to live in the memory for many a day. The capture of Antwerp in three days by such an instrument was an event which made even soldiers and statesmen tremble at the terrible consequences of their disputes. Everywhere the Exhibition abounds in peace-lessons; but few of its preachers enforce the new teaching for minds inaccessible to its higher arguments than does the monster shell."

The *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, we may mention, has passed into the hands of Mr. John Chapman, the publisher; and Mr. Hickson announces that his connexion with that periodical—which is about to appear under new editorial management—has ceased.

According to reports from Amsterdam, the Dutch notions of liberality in regard to institutions for intellectual education are not on a magnificent scale. A very curious rebuke has there been just administered in reference to the proportions of the national bounty. The Royal Institute of Sciences, Letters, and Fine Arts, of the Netherlands, has resolved to address to the king a petition for its own dissolution,—on the following grounds. For many years, say the petitioners, the Institute has periodically represented to the government that the annual grant from the State of 10,000 florins (about \$600) is insufficient to cover even its immediate expenses,—and these representations have been constantly met by a promise on the part of the Minister of the Interior that he would offer to the Chambers a scheme for the re-organization of the Institute. This promise is still unfulfilled; and the budget for 1852 still presents the Institute for the sum of 10,000 florins. The Society being thus disabled from fulfilling the mission imposed by its own statutes, demands, as we have said, that it should be released from its impossible obligations. This step on the part of the first scientific body in the kingdom is said to have excited a great sensation.

We have often had occasion to notice the feeling of reverence for the past and desire to honour the illustrious dead which seems daily to show itself in France; and which at first sight appears scarcely consistent with the love of change—political and social—that distinguishes our neighbours. Without seeking to ascertain how the two feelings may be made compatible, we chronicle another fact which proves the spread of *le culte des souvenirs*,—to borrow one of the most graceful of French expressions. The *Journal du Loiret* tells us of an interesting proceeding which took place a short time since at Châtillon-sur-Loing. The remains of Admiral Coligny were transferred to the old castle of that town, which had been his birth-place, and which he inhabited during the latter years of his life. It was from thence that, on the 21st of August, 1572—two days before the massacre of St. Bartholomew—he started on his ill-fated journey to Paris. It seems difficult to understand in what the remains of Coligny could consist. It is well known that during the massacre of the Huguenots a German named Besme, having stabbed him in the back, cut off his head,—and, it is said, carried it to the Queen, Catherine of Medicis. The body was dragged by the populace through the streets of Paris, and then hung up by a chain on the gibbet of Montfaucon. Nor was this all:—Charles the Ninth, whose hatred had outlived its object, accused the deceased Admiral of high treason before the Parliament; and this latter, in compliance with the royal wish, decreed that the body should be dragged on a hurdle to the Place

de Grève, and there once more hanged. The descendants of Coligny were declared *roturiers*, and disabled from holding any public office,—his castle of Châtillon was to be razed to the ground,—and the very trees of his estate cut down to the height of a man. The present proprietor of Châtillon, the Duc de Luxembourg, has appropriately enough caused the remains of Coligny, such as they may be, to be deposited at the foot of the only remaining tower of his castle, on the spot which his chamber is supposed to have occupied. A marble slab bears the following simple inscription:—"Here rest the remains of Gaspard de Coligny, Admiral of France, killed on St. Bartholomew's day, 24th of August, 1572."

The literary men of New York have been holding a preliminary meeting for the purpose of adopting measures to pay proper regard to the memory of the late James Fenimore Cooper. The absence from town of many of the leading writers prevented the meeting from adopting any final organization; but it was determined that all the literary Americans of that and other cities should be invited to unite in some form of demonstration to be decided on hereafter. Meantime, Mr. Washington Irving was appointed President,—and Messrs. Hallieck and Griswold Secretaries of this Association,—and a Committee composed of Judge Duer, Messrs. Hallieck, Kimball and Bancroft, and Dr. Francis, was named to report a plan of proceedings to a future meeting.

After the flood-tide of business caused by the closing of the Crystal Palace, the London omnibuses are about to return to a new level. The sudden and simultaneous increase of fare on the opening day by all the omnibus proprietors offended a considerable part of their usual public; and it is said that there are already nearly 300 of these vehicles—requiring 3,000 horses and 900 men—laid up in ordinary, having nothing to do, and at present prices no prospect of employment. Now, therefore, is the time for the public to make its own terms with these projectors, and to insist on a thorough reform in the nature of the vehicle as well as in the system of management. That no unnecessary fear of reducing the profits too low may stay this opportune call for reform, we will quote from an official source the outlay and receipts. It appears that the daily expense of working one omnibus is 21. 0s. 9d., supposing it, with its ten horses, to travel sixty miles daily (fifteen journeys to and fro,—a fair estimate when the distance does not exceed two miles per journey). If it be licensed to carry twenty-four passengers, and obtain one-half, or twelve passengers, at 2d. each per journey, the profit would be 19s. 3d. per diem; at two-thirds full, the profit would be 17. 19s. 3d. per diem; at three-fourths full, 21. 9s. 3d.; and at full, 31. 19s. 3d. This estimate would yield a profit for the regular working of 100 omnibuses—on the first calculation, 30,035/- per annum; on the second, 66,435/- per annum; on the third, 84,635/- per annum; and on the fourth, 139,235/- With these large profits on the face of their account, it was no very creditable thing for the proprietors to take advantage of circumstances which in most other quarters were considered as appealing for sympathy and liberality of arrangement, by raising the fares on their steady customers. An attempt which some of their body are making to employ the vehicles thrown off the regular road in new routes at penny and two-penny fares is little likely to succeed so long as the advanced rate is maintained elsewhere. If the companies will not deal fairly with the public in their own interest, they may be assured that appeals will be made to authority,—and one fine morning they may find their whimsies superseded by police regulations such as the tourist finds in Paris, Berlin, and other cities on the Continent. Paris is a good model for an omnibus reform. Our London public should insist on these several points:—The vehicle should be made larger, wider, and have the seats raised off from each other as in the pit of Covent Garden. The fares should be reduced to a low uniform rate for three-mile courses. The system of correspondence, by which a passenger can pass from one vehicle to another without charge, should be introduced. The seat on the roof should be raised, a rail carried

along the outer edge, and a regular stair made at the back for ascent and descent. A better mode of ventilation should be adopted. These changes, together with a more complete supervision by the police authorities, so that insolence and inattention may be checked and the attempt to pass bad money punished, would render the omnibus a real social convenience in a city with suburbs so vast as those of London.

ENGLISH ART SKETCHES and DRAWINGS, at the Gallery of the Old West Colonial Society, 3, Pall Mall East comprising, amongst other important works, CHOICE SPECIMENS by Turner, R.A., Mulready, R., Roberts, R., etc. R.A., Webster, R.A., Landseer, R.A., Hart, R.A., Cresswell, R.A., etc. R.A., Cooper, Fielding, Cattermole, John Lewis, John Martin, R. L.凄惨, George, A. J. M., Leitch, Topliss, Hunt, Holland, Lucas, Duncan, Douce, Gandy, etc. Open daily from Ten till dusk.—Admission, 1s. SAMUEL STEPHEN, Sen. Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.—The CRYSTAL PALACE as it was WINTER GARDEN is exhibited in the Drawing Room of the DUCHESS OF ORMOND'S MAIL to INDIA, showing Southampton Dock, Cities of the Tagus, Tarifa, Gibraltar, Algiers, Malta, Alexandria, Ganges, the Red Sea, Aden, Ceylon, Madras, Calcutta, and the magnificient Mysore. "The Taj Mahal," the exterior by night, the beautiful gilded interior.—Daily at Twilight, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Doors open half-an-hour before each representation.

The GREAT DIORAMA of JERUSALEM and the HOLY LAND, ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER, by Messrs. Bartlett and Beverly. An extensive and grand SERIES OF PICTURES is devoted to the Holy City, its solemn and interesting associations, including BETHANY, MOUNT OF OLIVES, GARDEN of GETHSEMANE, VALLEY of JORDAN, TOWER of SILOAM, MOUNT OF WAILING, and the HOLY SEPULCHRE, with Magnificent Views of JERUSALEM, and accompanied by GRAND SACRED VOCAL MUSIC, DAILY, at Twelve, Three, and Eight o'clock.—Admission, 1s.; Reserved Seats, 2s.; Stalls, 2s. ed. ST. GEORGE'S GALLERY, HYDE PARK CORNER.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION AND THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—All the MOST INTERESTING DEPOSITS which have been at the GREAT EXHIBITION will be shown at the ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The PRESENT LECTURES are by J. E. Peper, Esq., on the Application of IRON and STEEL in the MANUFACTURES of the UNITED KINGDOM; and by Dr. Bachman, on ELECTRICITY, CALLED DEPOSITORY, and followed by a SPLENDID OLD SERIES of MUSEUM EXHIBITIONS; and finally by an explanation of Bakewell's Patent Copper-Electric Telegraph.—The Exhibition of the OXY-HYDROGEN MICROSCOPE, magnifying objects upwards of 1,000,000 times their natural size.—The great economy of COOKING by GAS, explained by Mr. J. G. H. Smith, Esq., of Liverpool, by Frederick Chattox, Esq., &c.—Admission, 1s.; Schools, Half-past Ten.—Open daily from Eleven till Five, and every evening from Seven till half-past Ten.

FINE ARTS

CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE.

THE numerous suggestions for transporting Cleopatra's Needle to England, and for erecting it as a monument on the site of the Crystal Palace, have, it is said, resulted in some active measure on the part of Government. Interest in archaeological science is so rarely manifested by the Executive, that we are fain to take advantage of their sympathy on the present occasion; and we are induced to inquire further into the subject, in order to ascertain the actual condition of the obelisk in question,—and whether there may not be other monuments in Egypt equally attainable, and which it is more desirable to remove.

When Mr. James Burton published a copy of the inscriptions on the two obelisks of Alexandria, more than twenty years ago, it was found that the inscriptions on the three sides of the fallen obelisk were in better preservation than were those on any three sides of the erect obelisk; nevertheless, before attempting to remove it, we would suggest that the buried side (which no one living has seen) be copied, and that the other three sides be re-examined, as time and the Arabs may have wrought great changes in the interval of twenty years.

Lyng among the ruins of Memphis there is a noble specimen of Egyptian sculpture—a colossal statue of Ramses the Second, the Seosotris of the Greeks—one of the two statues mentioned by Herodotus as having been in front of the Temple of Vulcan. This statue is almost entire,—wanting only the top of the royal head-dress, and the lower part of the legs; and in its present state it measures 36 ft. 6 in. in length. According to local tradition, this monument is the property of either the Duke of Northumberland or the British nation. To whomsoever it belongs, it would certainly be more worthy of transport than the obelisk,—especially if the latter has sustained injury; and we know that a project for its removal, at even less expense than the employment of a man-of-war

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would entail on the nation, has been in the hands of the Trustees of the British Museum for several years. Another monument to which we would call attention is, the obelisk at Mataria,—the supposed site of the On of Genesis, and the Heliopolis of the Septuagint. This obelisk is somewhat smaller than the Alexandrine, and it has but one column of inscription ; it is, however, more perfect and more ancient,—perhaps the most ancient monument in existence of the early civilization of the human race. It is therefore very fit to be set up on the site of the most modern monument of the civilization of the present time. The chief difficulty is in the way of the removal of this obelisk, is, that it does not belong to ourselves ; but might not His Highness Abbas Pasha be induced to exchange the obelisk of Alexandria for that of Mataria ? To him, as to every good Moslem, it must be matter of perfect indifference which of the inscribed blocks of the unbelievers we take the trouble to remove,—so that his consent would scarcely be withheld. There is, however, another, and possibly a better plan :—to send experienced people to make a mould of this obelisk, and when the mould arrives in England to have it cast in iron. By this means the only land-mark of the ancient city of Heliopolis would not be removed ; while we should possess a fac-simile in our own enduring material of the most perfect known monument of the civilization of man 4,000 years ago. We cannot but wish that the importance of these remains as indisputable records of the past might attract the serious attention of our Government.

As respects the statue of Sesostris, the French may probably step in between us and our property, and thus relieve us from the trouble of removing it ; and although we would rather see it in the British Museum than in the Museum of the Louvre, yet we rejoice at any prospect of so valuable an historical monument being saved from the lime-kiln, which assuredly will be its fate the first time it is wanted in the vicinity of its present situation. In corroboration of this assertion, we ourselves saw, some few years since, the last remaining eleven columns of the Egyptian Temple at Ashmounay mined with gunpowder, broken up into portable pieces, and carried away on the backs of donkeys to build a cotton-cloth manufactory at Melawi,—which factory itself has since become a ruin. Not many years after, on the same spot we saw a portico of the dimensions of that of the Pantheon of Rome :—the shafts of the columns were granite, and the capitals, in the best style of Roman work of the time of Hadrian, were in the beautiful limestone of that part of the valley of the Nile. At the time of our visit, six capitals on their granite shafts appeared above the mound in which the portico had been discovered,—but the cornice and entablature had been all removed and broken to pieces for the lime-kiln. These facts speak for themselves ; and such will be the fate of every limestone monument in Egypt unless some effort be made ere too late to save them from the hands of these utilitarian image breakers.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We understand that the fact to which we have more than once adverted with admiration earnestness whilst it was in progress—and which our readers have learnt, we believe, with a sort of wondering incredulity—is at length consummated,—and Chelmsford is immortalized in the records of ingenious Art combination. The town-pump has got its new decoration,—and Chief Justice Tindal sits in marble in his native place as a Water God. The costume is not classical certainly :—but the men of Chelmsford are not particular about their properties. A quarius in the wig and gown of a Judge of the Common Pleas is a novel thought which strikes the borough mind of Essex pleasantly because of its very boldness.—Hydropathy, teetotalism, and all other watery doctrines will, it may be presumed, make their way in Chelmsford now that the water of the town is recommended by a Judge.—A correspondent from this fanciful borough writes to us in high glee at the courage with which, as he says, his fellow-townsmen have “defied common sense.” “What,” says he, “is common sense to us in Chelmsford ?—a thing to be pumped on ?” This correspondent,—who is determined that the

statue shall have all the glory of its position—furnishes us with another reason why the present site has recommended itself to the men of Chelmsford—it is, it seems, the Pig Market. The *Chelmsford Chronicle*—which gives some very curious arguments for the propriety of the pump pedestal—insists, among other things, that “the locality should be in some way or other connected with the history and career of the subject of the monument.” Now, there is, it appears, an interesting anecdote connected with the earlier story of Judge Tindal to which our correspondent “Chelmsfordiensis” applies this argument. One market day when presiding in his Court in that town, Sir Nicholas is recorded to have exclaimed, “For heaven’s sake, will no one stop the grunting of those pigs ?” Our Correspondent thinks that, on the principle of the *Chronicle*, this story strongly recommends the Pig Market for the site of the Judge’s monument.—The rest of the *Chronicle’s* arguments are the following :—and our readers will see that there is a characteristic confusion about them indicating that they have probably a common source with the motley design which they support,—and come out of the town Pump. First, the *Chronicle* thinks “that the original site in front of the Shire Hall would have been preferable,”—and therefore considers the monument best placed in the Pig Market !—Secondly, a Correspondent of that journal argues that Shakespeare’s house would lose much of its interest “were it removed to Madame Tussaud’s Exhibition :”—argal, he thinks. Chief Justice Tindal’s statue should be put on the Town Pump !—Our readers may have some difficulty in picking their way through this logic,—but they will have none in seeing that it is the very logic of the Art-combination itself.—For ourselves, we should rejoice that the men of Chelmsford have carried their eccentricity into action,—because we fear that had they failed to do so, some of our readers would have had doubts as to our being serious when we spoke of the intention. Even now, we hope that many of them will run down to see the Conduit with its new decoration,—both that they may verify the fact, and for the amusement to be derived from so singular an object.

We read in the *Scotsman* newspaper that the Lord Provost of Glasgow waited on Prince Albert at Holyrood Palace, with the view of inducing His Royal Highness to name the sculptor who should be selected to execute the statue of the Queen which it is proposed to erect in Glasgow, in commemoration of her Majesty’s visit to that city. Certainly this was a curious piece of homage which could scarcely have presented itself we think to any imaginations growing south of the Tweed. The Prince was doubtless somewhat surprised by this Scottish form of loyalty ; but so far recovered his self-possession as very decidedly to decline this piece of private patronage thus offered to be put into his pocket.

From Rome we learn that Mr. Hiram Powers is engaged on a large allegorical statue of California, typified by a beautiful Indian female. In her hand is a divining rod, with which she points to a mass of metallic quartz like that recently exhibited in the east nave of the Crystal Palace. The voluptuous form, the laughing eye, and the gorgeous richness of her cap, armlets, and bracelets of native ore, are intended to suggest the fascinations of the land of gold ; while a warning moral is hidden in her right hand which grasps a bunch of thorns, but so disposes them as to be unseen at the first hasty glance of the spectator.

The *Société Libre des Beaux Arts* in Paris has set foot a subscription for a monument, to be erected at Petit-Bry-sur-Marne, to the memory of one of its distinguished members, the late M. Daguerre. A committee has been named to report to the Society on the subject.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Autumn Music in Rome.

stand what, besides the grand picture of Daniele da Volterra, urged me to go up to the Convent Church of Trinità de’ Monti to see what might be left of the choir for which the German musician composed his lovely Motette for female voices. Here was another world from any that I had yet found in Rome.—The black-robed figures indistinctly seen in their stalls which are almost screened from sight by the high altar with its shrine and tapers,

—the groups of veiled ladies who dropped silently into the choir,—the nun stealing down the grated side aisle to go up into the organ gallery, made up a placid Sabbath morning scene. One or two figures, moreover, among the small congregation—a young French *moustache* kneeling apart from the rest, and praying passionately—a bronzed Greek, in full costume, who stood erect throughout the service, tall, bright-eyed and curious—a Dominican, in his black and white habit, whom Zurbaran or Ribalta might have painted—added colour and character to the picture without breaking the spell. The organ, it is true, threatened disturbance, by reason of its age and its asthma. The clattering of its keys and the wheezing of its bellows disposed me to imagine its shrouded performer some such antique sister as Gresnet found in his convent of the Visitandines,—or as that smirking little body with her whitey-brown curls whose tidy playing out of church of the congregation of Wellington Salop to ‘Hawdon’s Gavotte,’ recurred to me, enjoyed though it was a score of years ago. The music, however, proved neither ridiculous nor irreverent ; but fairly composed—possibly by Mayer, Zingarelli, or Morlacchi. The singing was very sweet, refined, well in tune, and without grimace or pretension. The unseen principal *soprano* (what an aid it is to Service-music when the performers are unseen !) was a lovely voice—calm, but not cold, and as flexible as the music required : while the three-part chorus was firm, pleasing and tunable. I have never, in short, been present at a mass more decorously solemnized, without bustle or ostentation ;—and can now well understand what it was that tempted Mendelssohn to leave his name in the choir-books of the nuns of Trinità de’ Monti.—Still more,—when on leaving the church I paused to look at the glorious view of the city beneath me, under a pearly sky, fresh after a shower, I could appreciate Mendelssohn’s remark to the young musician who declared his indifference to an opportunity offered him of going to Rome—“because,” he said, “there was nothing worth hearing there—nothing to be learned in music.”—“Well, I don’t know,” was the Master’s quiet answer,—“but there is still the place—there is Rome to be learned.”

“Faith,” says some old author, “would be nothing without her trials.” Belief in Rome as a place of training for the musical student could hardly be more severely tested than was ours on Michaelmas Day, when the Pope with all his train was to visit the Hospital of St. Michele, on the Ripa Grande, and a *funzione* was promised, with High Mass and good music. Due preparation had been made :—wherever St. Michael had a shrine in Rome the streets, strewn with leaves of bay and box, “smelt like Bucklersbury in simplifying time,” and the churches were decked out with their most tawdry upholstery. Down to the Hospital came Pio Nono, with his escort of Swiss guards in their court-card uniform, the *Monsignore* in those wonderful red coaches of theirs, and his French allies to keep everything in order. The show would have been excellent, from the building being a small one, (thus concentrating the richly varied costumes) and the ceremony not being long, but for the music :—this was unaccompanied part-singing, led by boy *soprani*. Its composition, so far as it could be made out, was not bad, though uninteresting ; but the crude tone, the false intonation, and the coarse execution of the performers could hardly be outdone in the first attempt of “*Clew one thousand and one for gentlemen*” to be opened by Mr. Hullah. Anything worse I never heard ; in spite, too, of the pretension of an old *mis-conductor*, beating time most magisterially in the organ-loft. This on a Saint’s day in Rome,—with the head of the Church (and of Church Art) in presence ! In another St. Michael’s

[Oct. 25, '51]

Church, which I entered later in the morning, the priests ranged round the altar were musing what would have been a very lovely Latin Hymn had it been only decently treated,—not in the tone and the taste of the “poor frozen-out gardeners.” The ancient spirit is, indeed, dead, if these be average specimens of the festival music to be heard;—since, what may be called the show ecclesiastical music of Rome, which begins for the season on All Saints’ Day, if without fruit in the form of taste directed and established, can count only as a trace of better days among the Art-relics of the city, as the exception which proves the rule. What I heard, however, seemed to satisfy those whom it most concerned. The churches were full; and the people in both seemed to be as devoutly rapt in the service as though cherubim and seraphim had joined in holy concert.

Having spoken of French discord in Rome, I must, in justice, not omit to mention an instance of the English vulgarities which are so revolting on these occasions, and so injurious, not merely as tending to limit the opportunities of the modest and intelligent traveller, but as destroying those sympathies on which, for basis, Art, no less than intercourse, must rest. At the church of Santo Michele the ways of exit and of entrance were kept by a troop of soldiers, headed by an officer. I saw a party of tourists of the *Ramsbottom* species drive up, armed with Handbooks. After wrangling with their coachman about his fare, the head thereof had the bad taste, on being desired by the officer to wait till the Pope had passed, to offer the latter a five-franc piece. The party were angrily thrust back, with the remark, “I suppose your English officers of the army take money!”—a well-merited rebuke for such gross work, but most unpleasant to witness. Who can wonder that we are disliked and avoided abroad when the resolution to gratify curiosity, no matter where the place or what the cost, leads persons in their own country kept in order by their neighbours to commit breaches of propriety so flagrant as this?

PRINCESS’S.—Friday week was the last night of the season, which closed with ‘Twelfth Night’;—a play produced at this theatre with remarkable elegance and attention to the *mise en scène*. The management has well merited the support accorded by the public and the press.—The theatre will re-open on the 22nd of November.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Dr. Bedford’s Oratorio ‘*Israel Restored*’ was performed at Norwich a few evenings ago, and received—so the local papers assure us—with every sign of cordiality by a crowded audience. So far as any idea can be formed from a long analysis published in the *Norfolk Chronicle*, the Oratorio is a work on the largest scale, in which variety of effect, as well as sublimity and seriousness of style, has been attempted. We ought to hear more of such an essay and of the writer who has produced it. We record its performance, meanwhile—like that of Mr. C. Horsley’s ‘*David*’ at Liverpool—as one of those independent provincial efforts which bespeak a real and healthy interest in music far more loudly than the most eager chace after a London celebrity, or the most numerous crowd gathered by the fashionable work of some accepted musical authority.—A new Oratorio by Mr. Glover is, we believe, to be performed during the course of the winter at Manchester.

The *Sacred Harmonic Society* announces its intention of commencing its winter season in November by performing the ‘*Seasons*’ of Haydn:—a work which, as containing comic music, almost passes beyond the bounds of Oratorio, within which the title of the Society limits its selections. We are truly glad, however, of any straining of the rule the result of which will be the performance of a work so fine and so little known, under the direction of M. Costa.—The *London Sacred Harmonic Society* has also put forth its programme for the season; which announces little novelty, with the exception of Dr. Elvey’s Coronation Anthem. The first oratorio produced is to be Handel’s ‘*Belsazar*.’ One promise, however, must be regarded as peculiar.

This is, an assurance that the orchestra will be no stronger than is necessary. What such an announcement can mean, except a fling at the “shop over the way,” it is hard to divine. It is not easy to have an orchestra too rich in stringed instruments, least of all where a mass of vocal tone has to be supported, and where those blatant adjuncts, horns, trumpets, *trombones*, &c. &c., call aloud to be mellowed. If the *London Sacred Harmonic Society* finds economy in this item expedient, it proceeds in an original fashion by calling attention to the fact.

A new *Cantata* by Mr. Macfarren, on the subject of Bürger’s ‘*Lenore*,’ is in the hands of Mr. Hullah, to be performed at one of his *Monthly Concerts*.—Where is Mr. W. S. Bennett’s *Oratorio*? Never did composer try the patience of those who are waiting for new music more seriously than this gentleman.

We need do little more here than announce the receipt of some numbers of the ‘*Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*,’—a penny ‘*Magazine of Vocal Music for the People*.’ The work is “primarily printed for use in connexion with Mr. Curwen’s lectures on Psalmody,” and the music is noted by aid of letters and numerals, and not by the universal pictorial signs. There will always be a certain amount of ingenuity ready, according to Mrs. Camp, to “go as a Martha to the stakes” in support of cunningly-devised crotchetts,—the object, one day a “*Ponetik Tunz*,”—another, a “*Sequential System*,” &c. & c. So be it:—but when conceit of manner is combined with impracticability of matter, the effort claims a protest. Mr. Curwen is too unselect as a popular teacher to be allowed to pass by those who have never admitted that music was to be taught empirically because it is merely a pastime. On the last page of this ‘*Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter*,’—betwixt the ‘*Tune Book of the Pew*’ and ‘*The History of Nelly Varner*,’ is advertised a twopenny edition of Handel’s ‘*Hallelujah Chorus*,’ omitting the parts too difficult for congregational singing! Is Mr. Curwen prepared to accompany this with an issue of “*the Psalms and Lessons for the Day*” omitting every word longer than a dissyllable? Yet, that proceeding would be more defensible than his present one; since the Psalms are a part of the service which cannot be escaped from, whether they be found difficult or easy, and thus the smatterers must handle them for the smatterers,—whereas to drag Handel into Church, and there to mutilate, clip and shear him, is a gratuitous act of aggression, for which non-conformity and rubrical tradition would be alike puzzled to find an excuse.

We are informed that M. Ponsard’s new classical drama ‘*Ulysse*,’ with choruses and scenic music by M. Gounod, may probably be one of the first works produced at the *Théâtre Porte St-Martin* under its new management.—There is a rumour that the ‘*Benvenuto Cellini*’ of M. Berlioz may possibly be performed in that arena of romanticism, the Opera House at Weimar.—Signor Alary, meanwhile, has got the start of M. Liszt; since we read that an opera written for Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, and Herr Formes, on the subject of ‘*Sardanapalus*,’ has just been completed by him, and is to be produced at St. Petersburg during the coming winter season. There, too, it is said, Madame Grisi will take the part of *Fides* in ‘*Le Prophète*.’—New operas by MM. Grisar and Linnander are preparing for the *Opéra Comique*. In the former a new lady, Mdlle. Wertheimer, in the latter a new tenor, M. Dufrêne, will appear for the first time.—A new comic opera, ‘*Sarah*,’ is said to be forthcoming at Berlin, by M. Tell, a pupil of Cherubini.

From the columns of *Galignani* we learn that the Italian Opera season in Paris commenced a few evenings since, with ‘*Lucrezia Borgia*.’ The new tenor, Signor Graziani, is said to have succeeded but moderately,—the new basso, Signor Fortini, to have failed. These substitutions of second-rate artists, in a capital so easily wearied of its first-class favourites as Paris, renders—as the critic of the *Gazette Musicale* remarks—the execution of operas as well known as ‘*Lucrezia Borgia*’ all but impossible. There, a strong artist can be only replaced by a stronger one. The case here is precisely opposite.” Madame Barbieri-Nini was much ap-

plauded in her last *aria*. We read, some weeks since, of choral rehearsals actively going on at the instance of the new musical director, Herr Ferdinand Hiller; and were therefore surprised to encounter in *Galignani* complaints of the chorus as having been imperfect in the first act of ‘*Lucrezia Borgia*,’—easier music than which hardly exists. The appointment of that excellent musician and pianist Herr Eckert as sub-conductor and accompanist to the Italian Theatre of Paris has been gazetted.

The revival of Spontini’s ‘*Olympia*’ at Berlin, on the birthday of the King of Prussia, is described as having attracted an eager crowd. Had such an event taken place in the lifetime of the composer, it is more than probable that the same multitude would have stayed away:—so extreme was his unpopularity, and so contradictory is the public of the Prussian metropolis.—The King has recently presented a gold medal to Herr Naumann (we presume, the rising composer whose *Oratorio* was mentioned two years ago in the *Athenæum*, No. 111), in acknowledgment of the dedication of a setting of the Twenty-third Psalm.

The Countess of Landsfeld has returned to public life, by exhibiting certain dances at the *Théâtre Minard*, at Ghent. Her performance, say the foreign journals, was very rudely received by a crowded audience.—A more artistically-trained danseuse, Mdlle. Bagdanoff, was to make her *début* at the *Grand Opéra* of Paris on Monday last.

MISCELLANEA

Dr. Leichardt’s Party.—It is stated from Singapore, that the Pioneer, one of the vessels engaged by the Government of New South Wales to call at Port Essington to make inquiries for Dr. Leichardt’s Party, and leave supplies for them, has not succeeded in fulfilling its mission, having suffered shipwreck in Torres Straits. All the information regarding this occurrence which has reached Singapore is contained in the following statement, made by one of the seamen of the vessel, who had reached that town from Batavia.—“Thomas Gallagher, able seaman on board the brig Pioneer, states that the above vessel was wrecked on the Cockburn Reef, in Torres Straits, about half-past four o’clock in the evening on the 30th of May last, from Sydney to Booby Island and Port Essington, to look after Dr. Leichardt. The crew was brought by the bark *Waverley*, of London, to Batavia. Captain Morgan, of the *Waverley*, kept the starboard shore all the way up, and did not sight the coast of Australia after leaving Booby Island. I did not hear anything about tents being seen on the coast of Australia. I arrived here from Batavia in the *Ellenora*. I never heard any account of Dr. Leichardt. We had provisions on board the Pioneer to be landed at Booby Island and at Port Essington. I heard in Sydney that there were tents sent at Port Essington about four years ago, and that the natives drove the people away. The people were sent there by the Government of Sydney; they all came back to Sydney.”

Archæological Discovery.—St. Peter’s Hungate Church, one of the oldest in the city of Norwich, being built in 1468, is now undergoing reparation and partial restoration. During the progress of the work, the workmen, on removing a quantity of boarding and matting from the south of the pulpit, discovered the remains of what was originally a very splendid, though small chapel, dedicated to St. John the Evangelist. The portions which have been laid open are a sedilia and piscina, a portion of the altar stone, and the greater part of the canopy. The colours of the canopy and sedilia—gold, purple, and scarlet—are still very plainly traceable. In the chapel is also a monument to the Rev. Walter Paston, who died at Paston’s palace, in this parish, not many years after the erection of the church. Figures of the Evangelists were found buried under a mass of rubbish in the south porch. They have been replaced, as well as a carved stone pedestal on which formerly stood the vessel containing holy water.—*Norfolk Chronicle*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—A Chip of the Block—M. A. S.—W. J. L.—C. & D.—M. H.—S. G.—received.

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